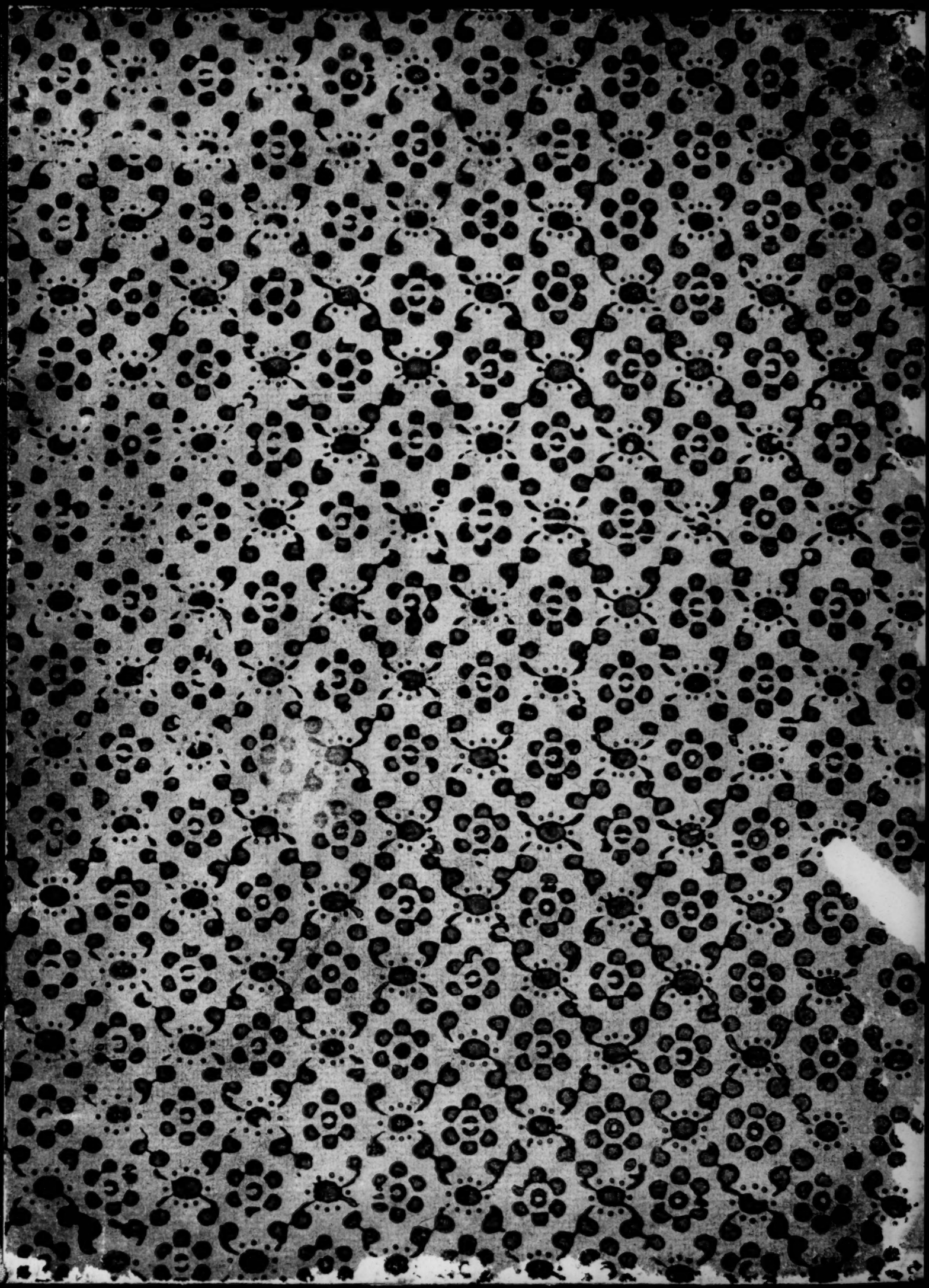

Woolf, Virginia

[Articles, essays, fiction and reviews. 1924-1940]
Notebook dated June 18, 1929.

p.1-5 [The captain's death bed] Gas. 3 p.
p.7-15 [Granite and rainbow. Phases of fiction] end 5 p.
p.17-51 The essays of Augustine Birrell. 18 p.
p.53-69 ~~Rarkraikkock~~ Pictures by Vanessa Bell. 8 p.
p.71-113 [Granite and rainbow] Fanny's [Burney's] half-
[70] sister. 24 p. + 1 notes dated May 2 [1930]
p.115-157 [The common reader: second series] [William]
Hazlitt. p.115-157. 23 p. dated May 15, 1930.
p.159-235 and at back p.1-3 [The captain's death bed]
[Memories of a working women's guild] An introd
uctory letter to Margaret Ll[ewelyn] Davies
39 + 2 p.

[sic]
dated 1929

1st draft of essays
+ part of "Phases of
Fiction"

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SUNDAY

AUG. 1958

[~~Stories~~ June 18th 1929]

Outlaws.

Continuation of
Phases of Fiction. Nov. 7th 1929.

Birrell Essays.

Fanny's Half-Jules

Hazlitt.

Women's Co-operative Guild.

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Gas.

It is not necessary perhaps to dwell much upon the circumstances. There can be few people who have not, at one time or another, had a tooth out under gas. The dentist stands very clean & impersonal in his long white overcoat. He tells one not to cross one's legs & arranges a bib under one's chin. Then the anaesthetist comes in, with his bag as clean & impersonal, in his way, as the dentist, & as black as the other is white. They seem to belong to some separate order of humanity, some third sex. The ordinary conventions are unbalanced. Calm. One's relation is official, but not human. But it must be. Those who do

There are the people who manage the embarcations & disembarcations of the human spirit; there are they who stand on the border line between life & death, forwarding the spirit from one to the other, impersonal, antiseptic hands. Very well; I resign myself to your charge, am ready, taking unbothering one uncrossing one's legs; & at your bidding I crave to breathe through the mouth & breathe through the nose; breathe deep, breathe quietly; accepting your assurance that one is doing it very nicely as a hearting salute, as a farewell from the officer who presides over the ritual of disembarcation. Then one is beyond his range.

With each breath one draws in confusion; first ones eyes give way; then ones & puts out to sea; with every breath one leans the shore, & clears the waves of some new experience thunderous dark new sentence. Elongated, prolonged, difficult; in which one flounders, unsure unsupported, attended only by strange relics of experience memories which one has known & written, but here they undergo such a stretching, such a curving & elongation that they seem to have only the true life of the curved spaces & fair make the body work as the curved spaces & fair make the body faster & then bloated. Yet as we plunge deeper deeper we seem to be drawn on in the wake of some

Darkness that obstructs puts out the eyes of daylight, like daylight nearly

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fast flying & always disappearing truth; like a line drawn rapidly
~~ahead of us in the sea~~. We become aware of something
that we could never see in the other world; something that we
have been sent in search of. ~~The old~~ All the old certainties
become smudged & dispersed, became in comparison with this
they are unenchantar; ~~we Carrie that fanfaler~~ they are
crumbled up & tossed in a heap, ~~above~~ mere chemical helps. —
Loves, ah ones most monumental certainties: ~~for~~ ~~we~~ fly
steadily under a low dark sky, ~~we fly~~ ~~over~~ on the trail of this
truth which if we could grasp we should be forever illumined
~~And just as~~. And we rush faster & faster & the whole of the
vessel becomes spiral & like wheels & attends our flight
progress, ~~forcing us~~ through a central hole, very narrow,
through which it is painful to pass — ~~the~~ indeed we seem to be
crushed between the upper world & the lower world: & then the pain
Then the whole thing opens out; we have ~~left~~ this gorge; we
emerge into day light, & behold a glass desk, & ~~the~~ a hand
~~holding~~ it; & hear a voice saying Rinse the mouth, rinse
the mouth. And the tube that was ~~being~~ drawn so
sucks through the water in front of us vanishes. ~~& the vessel~~
~~which had no support, & only the tongued is for us~~
~~as more built up~~ round us. The officials who sent us
forth receive us back.

Such is a perfectly common experience. Everybody
goes through it. But it seems to explain something that we
observe very often, in a ~~tube for example, when this~~ railway
the third class carriage or tube, for example.
~~The most superficial can~~ For this impossible not to
~~try to account~~ draw some conclusions, as one looks down the
long narrow compartment where so many different
people sit facing each other. If they began originally like
that, one muses, looking at a child of three, what is the
process that turns them into that? And here we
look at a heavy old man, with a workman
an aged ~~an highly~~ overdressed red faced woman;
what has made that ~~of~~. Extraordinary change;
what agents, what experiences; & can they never be
avoided or altered? for, except in some very rare cases,

whirling round us & running us down

bound,

the obscurity widens;

The lowness opposite rises up.

ask some questions

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it seems as if the passing of forty & twenty years had inflicted a most terrible punishment upon the mouth with face; had imparted some very strange piece of information, so that, however the features differ, the eyes & old people always have the same expression.

That is one of the questions one may very well ask. But there is another, what is that piece of information, one may ask? And if one has had a tooth out under gas, one suspects that the one of the forces which has done its work on the face so that it has changed completely, is the force of the incoherent world which is attached to the real world;

had the same experience.

is not the only form of evidence.

all these people have often been under gas. Gradually they have become aware that what is before them is not the only reality has very little substance. They know perfectly well that they can be quit of it for a small sum. But what they hardly any of them knows is whether he or she wishes to be quit of it. There they sit, the plumber with his cash of lead piping, the middle class woman with her parcel from Selfridges, wondering, often unconsciously, the question about as to whether there is any meaning in this world compared with the meaning which they were once shown against the dark walls; darkness through the waters when they had gas. They woke up before they laid hands on it. And the world which was so much stranger but more glittering than this one vanished. That they have all seen several times. And perhaps to forget it, to cover it over, they went to the public house. They went to buy fish. Then I bought a feathered hat. As one looks down the third class carriage one sees that each of these people who is over twenty years of age has been under gas — not in some way or other; & this fact is what they saw then is perpetually coming before them; & nor this that does more than anything else to change the face. From the An unchanged face would have something idiotic about it. But this face was not so much

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Here then, where the views so vastly, we may well call a halt. Now
shutting the last book on the shelf we may begin ~~that~~ to
~~review~~ reading without the help before one what is the
second ~~portion~~ of reading. ~~the~~ of the process of reading.
We have been running up books, book by book, chapter
by chapter, as fleetly as the nimble ~~reader~~ reader can
following the mind at the novelists service. Now we
want to go back & see what we have made. We want to
calculate, to compare, to take hold & ~~see~~ what is left in the mind
& examine it. And our first discovery is of a
general nature. There is something there which we may
call "the novel"; some ~~general~~ type which has formed itself
out of the particular instances & ~~the~~ ~~this~~ ~~would seem to be~~ ~~the~~
There is ~~a~~ There is ~~some thing~~ ~~those we call "the novel"~~
~~to be~~ ~~book~~ ~~which seem to be the~~ ~~which seems to be~~ the type;
the perfection; by which the others are deemed, which
they are caricatures, or at any rate declensions. ~~And~~
This typical novel would seem to be made up of three novels—
of War & Peace, of Emma, of the Small House at Allington.
This not one or three singly; it is an amalgam of the ~~the~~
three. When we think of 'the novel' we think
of a book which ~~has certain characteristics~~: it
makes us feel that ~~whatever~~ ~~the writer wished to~~
the writer could say whatever he wished & ask he wished;
~~there is no eccentricity in it~~; there is no difficulty: no traces
One cannot picture that any scene has had to be
altered, or any sentence ~~to be~~ written ~~other~~. Here
we feel is a book that completely fulfils its purpose: a
book holding its content as fully & as naturally as
as a drop holds water ~~is~~ & no other form
could be so complete, & so shapely.

We have
finished for that
the first process.
a creating
again after
bridging
Gray Manners
or Bronchester
Towers or
Trestram
Shandy,
or the Cave
may be.
as closely as
we could to
his design.

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"The novel" is not

In looking at "the novel" more closely we find that it is a legal amalgamation of three books; ~~in fact~~ ~~two~~ ~~almost~~ ~~It has~~ It is an almalgamation of Wea & Ream, & Emma & the Small House at Allington. But for what reason do ~~we say this?~~ we say these books do in our imaginations; stand for some the typical, the standard, the novel ~~some~~ solely? To begin with, because of their completeness ~~each of the three.~~ ~~There~~ is a ~~Co~~ ~~No~~ Victor was different from Hardy much ~~Victor~~ different from Jane Austen & Trollope, each wrote as if the novel were the right & sufficient form for ~~what~~ how a man: as it what they had to say could be naturally & fully into the shape provided for it. Here are books that hold their contents as fully & naturally as a drop holds water.

~~One~~ can not suppose that any scene had to be altered, any sentence to written in order to fit it into it place in Emma or in the Small House at Allington. Nor can we trace, in all the vast bulk of Wea & Ream, with ~~all~~ its ups & downs, any strain, any distortion, any effort. But when we read Meredith & Hardy ~~we find~~ in reading other novels — for example Richard Feverel or Jude the Obscure — we become conscious of effort; the books seem distorted & ~~twisted~~ ~~to help~~ ~~the words~~ seem to ~~be~~ attempting what they could not hold naturally. The author seems to be in a conscious of difficulties in ~~saying~~ telling what he ~~had to~~ wished to say said in that form.

Wea & Ream, Emma, the Small at Allington. have some what then is the quality that the three novels have in common; ~~but~~ in many ways they are ~~completely~~ separate. ~~But they do~~ ~~and partake of~~ ~~this — they are~~

Difference, Law in Common

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Now perhaps that Miss J. H. & Trollope are able to say
whatever they want to say through the medium of their characters.
They are wholly expressive; they are completely in keys;
that the Persian Marya has prominent eyes. that she has been
murdered by her father. that the governess has taken advantage of his.

But we compare them -

~~There was then~~ Since the novelist is at such close quarters
with life, there was then some change in life, which,
in having its influence upon character; ~~made the novel~~
so that novel no longer as amenable to fiction as it
had been. As the 19th Century drew on

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And here we come to a question of some importance, because if it is true that a novel has some close connection with life, if its excellence depends upon being like life, then a reader's judgment of a novel will be largely influenced by his own temperament, his personal experiences, or by the particular life circumstances which have told upon him. Tell us, we should say, before beginning, what kind of person you are. And he will try to evade that question by replying that he is much as other people; & he will add, unless we mistake, that the human race does not vary very greatly; certain experiences are common to all; the prime emotions, love, & hate & fear & the rest vary very little from time to time or person to person. About new we feel some qualms. There is something wounded & large & vacuous about that argument. Moreover, literature clearly will seem to disprove it. It attributes the mind to the prime experiences, let alone to the little mothers seems to have changed even in the short time of the English novel: Compare before with Henry James; & if the novelist mind has changed, it is rash to assume that his model - granting that human beings [illegible] that function - have changed too. The change can then that over 'common reader' is by no means the [illegible] & representative of humanity that he would claim to be; but that, busy as he does in the year of Grace 1924, he has added to inevitable idiosyncrasies of temper, the idiosyncrasies of a particular period. We shall not be following a person

[illegible] own private circumstances & experiences

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steady ruin beams but a will o' the wisp.

Then before he has opened the first book on the shelf, we have got him to admit certain things. And it may be the remaking of us could go further than that from him, what he why his choice falls upon fiction — why he sits ~~wishes to read about ... and~~ a novel. That he wishes to read a novel, not poetry, biography, or history. His reasons can be something to the following effect. I choose a novel, he would because I do not wish at the moment to make any deep demands upon my imagination. I ~~was~~ I want to pass into the world of imagination over the lowest of barriers. I want to wake up in a ~~the~~ world which is so closely resembles the real world that I scarcely notice any difference. And this belief is certainly not produced me by Fernandez Lost or Gibbons Decay. And he would go on to describe how, when he reads a novel,

Here then, he has indicated what are the usual novelists facts:-

Unless some hypothesis of fiction we can press further

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The Essays of Augustine Birrell.

"But this is not bedtime" a friend young was head to protest the other night. When assured that the clock had already struck twelve, she murmured that she must just finish what she was reading. But what she was reading? We asked. It might be worse

an essay by Mr. Birrell. In fact our friend had thrown the book from her — the habit is deplorable but must be pitied. Under this robust red volumes containing the Collected Essays & Addresses of Augustine Birrell. It was

was there that she was engaged in reading. It was there that kept her from her bed. It made when the chimes of midnight were ringing in the air. & the voices of duty called.

And what then is the reason of Mr Birrells seductiveness? Is this true What is the very reason? And perhaps it may be worth while to try to account for the charm of attempt to justify her

pleasure from desertion defiance of discipline: to try to find out what are the qualities which

Exploit on behalf judgment make us skip over the end

of one essay on to the beginning of another & so on.

There only have often been of these fine books, when

not only is the hour late, but when

to tell the truth more nervous, more profound, &

more weighty books are but with a map on

the stroke of eleven to make a

Perhaps There is perhaps some glimpse of the truth is to be seen.

pleasant In the first place, Mr. Birrell's books are the product of a double minded man.

not Mr. Birrell's facts, is not a

The first place, it is clear that of One read Mr.

Birrell we read him for pleasure. We were doubtful —

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in the sense that ~~a~~ study of his works has ever been ~~declared~~ recommended by lecturers to students ~~as a help to getting~~ with a view to getting something. Nobody has ever, in the memorable terms of the Arm, predicted by him. It seems doubtful that tutors would recommend them to pupils bent upon ~~winning scholarships~~ "passing" ~~by~~ examinations. ~~Teachers~~ ~~by~~ ~~profession~~ ~~examine~~ with them ~~for it~~ ~~accurate~~ ~~abroad~~ Knowledge of English literature. There is very little talk in the Barrack Yard of 'schools' & influences & origins & developments; ~~& poetry~~ he ~~seems to~~ has not promulgated a theory of ~~poetry~~, or ~~wrapped~~ ~~but~~ ~~moved~~ ~~any~~ ~~very~~ ~~any~~ aesthetic ~~theory~~ by which ~~which, if~~ ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~think of~~ ~~to~~ doctrine ~~to explain~~ ~~why~~ ~~poetry~~ is what ~~subject~~ which will serve to no new theory of poetry is promulgated; no system of aesthetics is struck out. And ~~in~~ nature has so contrived it that we only feel ~~ourselves~~ when we also ~~feel~~ slightly uncomfortable, ~~to~~ there has been an element of ~~ridicule~~ of ~~apology~~ in the tone ~~in~~ Mr. Bennett addresses us as it ~~we had come in~~ ~~to~~ ~~beyond~~ ~~hearing~~ ~~reading~~ ~~last~~ Noble Duke or ~~were among~~. was like being caught ~~taking~~ Evening Champagne in the middle of the morning — ~~But~~ ~~If we had~~ ~~the~~ ~~necessary~~ some grace. ~~But~~ If we had on the other hand one had meddled one's wits ~~also~~ for an hour ~~before~~ to Clock over the photographed Outlines of Mr A. a Mr C. then an ~~is a good analysis~~ claim praise & esteem; one ~~has~~ finished the last abroad; ~~one has~~ The book ~~had~~ ~~not~~ on the table, with a mark ~~stuck~~ prominently in the middle. ~~just~~

As to Mr. Bennett & no philosophical ~~Outline~~. But ~~we should be~~ that said, we have to

need to be proved

a procedure that ~~one~~ we

present the fact abroad, & claim, the other one's attention.

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Eclaw
~~Confront~~ a fact in his writing which is ~~to~~ though never ~~obtrusively~~
obtruded – the Borrett is not an obtrusive work – is still
undoubtedly ~~from~~ the Borrett ~~Now the fact is one reads~~
~~him, & not his~~ ~~He has had, one feels~~ a sense of
balance, of judgment, a
why this that we feel no lack of substance in his pages –
They are not ~~every~~ very large ~~pages~~ – they are not
made ~~of~~ ~~to give you the feeling of length~~ are made of –
made of such stuff as lunchen packets are made of –
They have a breadth, a strength, an outlook on the
world which makes one realise that of the
true ~~that~~ ~~Borrett~~ has not moved darkly in
the ~~Clarke~~ ~~Gallery~~ ~~Dublin~~ of Hyde he has probably done
this ~~finished~~ ~~work~~ ~~turn~~ to the first page of the collected
Edition we shall find our impression confirmed.
I became an author quite by accident. Had
never dreamt of such a thing. Some time in 1883,
while living in Lincoln Inn, after a dinner
but not wholly unremunerative fashion, the
now decayed profession of an equity draftsman &
conveyancer, I confessed to me" – that he
might print some manuscripts which had been
read about in friendly coteries; And they began in
Author. Yes, but the pretension which he did.
The little book had a very shabby sham; & so he
stumbled into authorship. Even so though the
manuscripts were always went on, But though
he was so, & though one hears told his way into print he
never lost temper, which he proceeded, as everybody knows to
pursue the law, to combat the legal case, to win
seats, to attend Parliament, to enter the Cabinet,
to gain the rule Ireland, & to become in
short the R.t Hon.ble Stephen Gerrard,
~~with a very~~ ~~whose~~ with a great many letters to
~~whose~~ his name.

Bluff
downright
gritty &
tough &
strong.

done a
days work in
~~the~~
above
board.

and

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whole, made entirely, as an accompaniment to the talk
The Life & Letters ~~& the Life & Letters~~ essays went on
~~The essays & the letters must also have been written~~
The Life & the Letters were lived simultaneously
And there can be no doubt ~~that~~ that Carr told when
~~whether~~ the publication was ~~influenced~~ influenced by the author's
~~not for a day; but certainly~~ thought with more
The author by the publication; or is the author
only ~~other~~ who tells is here under observation. ~~And~~
What the author has ~~devised~~ gained from the
partnership is undoubtedly some thing of great value—
an impersonal air, ~~in the first place,~~ ~~of~~ ~~wholesome~~
~~vanity~~ ~~a~~ ~~think~~ the think air
a holiday spirit. ~~Having decided why was not a~~
To sit down & write an essay seems to be of the
nature of an indulgence— One feels that Mr Birrell
~~must also have~~ looked forward to ~~writing~~ taking up his
pen ~~& found time for it~~, as keenly as many authors
enjoy ~~sat down to write his essay as does~~ it is for
relaxation ~~& satisfaction as most people~~ Birrell & the
~~nature of a holiday~~. it is a feat to Mr Birrell, when
he has allowed himself, not a duty that he to
get through. A feat close to the performance—
He would be as much annoyed if prevented ~~as a person~~
~~by business~~ as a most men ~~& prevented from going on~~
their Saturday ~~off~~ ~~Bad luck~~, the But
more the advantage ~~of an active life~~ ~~is more important~~
than that. ~~If something~~
~~substantial has found it way~~ The substance of
Mr Birrell's essays the ~~prompting~~ view which
makes them not ~~merely~~ fragments but all of a

who is alone under observation

in the first place

it is not done to write an essay

golf or football.

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[illegible], one fully cut what has been hunted at in another, another
developing what was only hit a little right, ~~until we~~
know so that we feel ~~we are~~ [for the new is certainly
& what one may hunt another develops, until the
separate judgments used when separate authors become]
is the result of knowing life: & thus of passing
~~instantaneously~~ & as a matter of course, judgment upon the
lives of ~~the~~ men & women in books as authoritatively
~~& as instantaneously as such judgments have to~~
as if they were alive. This the moral sense, not the
literary. That makes a unity of these scattered hapers.
& Since the moral sense has gone about the
world, telling the new theme: the & rain poem upon it,
this a robust, healthy, & active moral sense.
which, though always vigilant for the grace, &
open to laughter in those who have not framed
judgments upon fellow sinners in whatever
kindness, of being unobtrusive, ~~tolerant & frank &~~
~~generous, kindness, & courtesy~~
Wh. Sr ~~learned & sympathetic~~, & abounding with charity &
understanding. Equal to all the world & it
alongside Wordsworth
at once very tolerant & very humane. ~~How one feels~~
~~There is not~~ There are few, as the two figures
Lamb Coleridge through the de Quincey Combe --
are rounded off & put in their place - is a
man who has a working morality, not a
theoretical: ~~one feels that~~ Mr Burrell has had
rubbed off ~~with so many~~ countless days ~~causing trouble that he~~
men & women in the Mark: that the
has scars & smith mark them, crystal & jested, &
therefore when it comes to dealing with the dead
that his judgments on whether they are alive & dead,

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has the ring of finality about it. The fault that of the
Cynic's - man, he must be a shaky humbug; if on the other
hand he thinks out his praise, then, whatever our
private estimation, there must be something to be said for
him - Was there that he feels deadening - worn
as a fresh start in? Was there, in the power of
broad & humane understanding that serves him so
well when he comes to paint his pictures - & then
for all we can tell would they have chosen to be judged:
I ask was the give & take of [illegible] than our times.
No spectre of green Nelson mercifully, & past
Edwardian Victorian, come between us & them.
Here is a man of the world living in his view of
human life as that [illegible] under distant
aspects, human fate in distant places, a human
character as the men & women of [illegible]
Eminence have displayed it.
At different times & though there are times have changed,
it seems that the to [illegible] in Borneo's
moral sense is [illegible] with change [illegible] with them.
If not always apparent And indeed though he pronounces
Judgment upon [illegible] man we never [illegible],
feel that he has applied to a parochial
so limited to fleeting a morality to his subject
that his [illegible] he is that [illegible]
the only [illegible] the criteria has only an anti-Spencerian
interest - as [illegible] & the canons of what [illegible]
the strange diversity of our fathers' tendres
judgment

Is Edward Elgar's end

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He has rubbed up with men & women in daily life; he has worked with them, & therefore been rubbed up. Therefore his moral sense has been kept fresh & lively; & when he has seen foes among the dead he has met or with all his sympathies & tenderness alive to him, for all the world as though he were meeting his friends at dinner, & discussing with them a perfect right to their own opinions. There is not a trace of the hide bound, of the dictator about him. And this lively & humane quality that has kept his essays — some of them were written in the remote English — so fresh & much fresher than the bulk of Victorian judgments. How often, when we read

Cyrenaic

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Indeed The ~~many gentry whom he does talk fond of~~
This the prig & the censors & the timid water drinkers whom he
whole heartedly despises — the Gentry who call Lamb "the
~~feastly Elia~~" & deplore his ~~Lambs~~ Drunkenness, ~~who sneer at~~
& he can be trusted to pronounce them, much to our delectation
whenever they raise their voices to deplore Lamb's
Drunkenness, or ~~Sir Walter Scott's Extravagance~~. Then we are
the fateful extravagance of reminded that the ~~he generally is not without~~
There are ~~clouds even in the west~~ There is a flaw
somewhere in the very
Yet to be honest this somewhere at or about this point that
we become aware of divergence. We become
aware that is that life is not for us, quite so
hearty & simple, &, as he ~~knows~~ it can be very uneasy &
vague & distant ~~too~~ For the first time we catch a
note of peevishness, in his voice. ~~It is~~ His love of
Charity & good sense & good temper ~~lead him to~~
~~denounce~~ admirable as they are lead him
on to declaim against speculation & introspection &
all those other vices of the new age which threaten to
paralyze action & to cloud the clear stream of
Eighty literature. At some point in the
Eighties he began to be aware that the temper
of the time was changing. He complained that "the
ruddy qualities of delightfulness, of pleasantness
are all "sicklied o'er with the pale cast
of thought." The varied elements of life ...
seem to be fading from literature. Pure literary
enthusiasm sheds but few rays. To be lovely is
to be flippant, & epigram is dubbed paradox.
And he ~~asked~~ indeed was about to make up his mind

3
45

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3
46

that we were "to look for no more fun, no more
Thackerays, no more Dickenses. The flowers have all
been told. Plots are exploded. Academia over.
Then suddenly & mercifully appeared Treasure Island, &
English literature was saved. It is here then,
about the year 1900 that we ~~part~~ part Company.
One may search for will
have nothing to do with introspection, with self analysis; with
the manner of the great Russians. Of the great French, are
all omitted from his Chapters. ~~the master no mention of~~
~~Thomas Hardy, nor Meredith;~~ Mr Meredith &
Thomas Hardy are omitted; Conrad has no place; &
~~if we were to~~ indeed Stevenson seems as it
have got wind of the fact that writers have taken to
self analysis & introspection, Mr Barrie had
peremptorily shut the last books on the shelf &
turned back to the stood his back upon the
deplorable tendency of the time towards self-analysis &
introspection. And this of course is the price that has
to be paid if the part of the price. That we pay for
the ~~nothing so high a value upon~~ tolerance & good temper.
Sooner or later this
that our critic must be at his ease in the world,
must be what is a practical & tolerant man of affairs,
then we are asking too much we must not be
surprised if he, very naturally, cannot see the
point of view, nothing at all in the very basis
of anything that threatens to disturb the social system.
Inevitably the critic to whom looks at literature
primarily as a is not an art, so much as an
absorbing revelation of human character he
will rule out whatever tests of character he

Here Gals literature seems to come to a head & end.

Thurgar

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fend antipathetic. To Mr Birrell Coleridge is antipathetic;
so Mark Rutherford; To ~~all those who~~
"In these days of champagne & shoddy [1864]" he wrote in 1864
the real ~~need is not~~ wants ~~of~~ of the age are "a steady
nobility of honest plain-dealing men who can be entirely
trusted with small sums, & to do what in them lies
to maintain the honour of the various professions, &
to restore the credit of English workmanship. We
want Lambs, not Coleridges. The verdict to be
given for is not "well planned"; but "well done". -
And he clenches the matter with a prescription
"to liberate the mind from all kinds of cloudy vapours
which obscure the mental vision & conceal from
men their real position" - "As much reticence as
is consistent with good breeding upon, & a wisely
tempered independence, the various speculative
questions now agitated in our midst."]
How all this of some matter of the twentieth century
never in our view. Where then? And so
we seem to see Mr. Birrell vigorously turning his
back upon our idols - the Jehovah & the Roundt-
& machinery squaring his shoulders & taking
service under Stevenson & to walk Knott, under
Lamb & Hazlitt, ~~under~~ while we, stopping &
stumbling make our way forward as best we can
among the unfortunate generation of the self-conscious.
& Literature is not thought but action: ~~one~~
must be a live fact written here always been
honest cheerful straightforward men. A plague upon your
vapours. And so we are left to ~~mutter~~ entertain
English literature after 1900 came to end.

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~~Literature is then~~ The For in spite of his catholicity, he has
a very clear notion that ~~English literature~~ is of a certain
Quality & Constitution ~~&~~ Mr Birrell would appear
has his standards & his notion of what literature should be,
& the fact that he ~~is~~ of Eschews aesthetic criticism
~~- by no means~~ does not mean that he is not a
vigelant & ~~even a severe critic~~ of has not a code of his
own, ~~& means the less drastic~~, as ~~has come to realise~~, for
& a taste of his own, ~~& a morality of~~ a will of his own,
~~which are~~ which for all their breadth &
Good temper, so that there are seldom fancy him
criticisms or abusive, are ~~does~~ find that he ~~ignores~~.
There are whole tracts of literature, & good literature,
that he ~~very~~ simply ignores. ~~For all he has to say about~~
~~it, them,~~ He has nothing to say about the great
Russians nor the great French. He makes no
mention of Meredith, or Henry James, a Hardy or
Conrad. For all we he has to say about it, one
might suppose that English literature had fallen
over a precipice about the year 1900 & lay in
fragments, not worth gathering, beneath. That
perhaps is the weakness of the personal, as distinct
from the scientific, view of ~~literature~~ art. The
aesthetic critic ~~would have found~~ ~~would have~~
~~found it impossible~~ to take out ~~Could not~~
~~have found~~ his track ~~in so much~~ I must have
Gone on reading & appraising & trying to
discover what ~~was about~~ the new developments &
experiments ~~were aiming~~ to. were worth, where they
led. Mr. Birrell, on the other hand, having
determined that the ~~old~~ their self-anglais & slovenly
regard aberrations were highly ~~to~~ distasteful to him

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~~being persuaded that good literature is only produced~~
~~for~~ whether it appears in men or women or in the stuff they write ~~right~~, ~~slammed the door~~, uttered a general oath or two & ~~turned back to the desk~~. Slammed the door on the precincts & turned back to the hunt.- ~~there are some~~ we ~~find him at it~~. For example..

I condemned the whole age with ~~him~~ for pandering to the vulgarists

his tremblers ~~de Rechard~~ The Ambassadors or The Reborn ~~of the Saint~~ or the Romance of La Rechard

to a large ~~on the~~ river ~~&~~ proceed with a great ~~endeavour~~ ~~to take them~~ the Atlantic Ferry ~~but~~ no doubt ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~right~~ of refusal to go ~~Cunard or Anchor~~ ~~among the~~ ~~back to~~ Liverpool, or ~~to~~ the Waverley novels. The Mill on the Floss.

2 ~~reasons~~

But we must accept the fact this take ~~we are not going to~~ do they ~~are~~ must ~~back~~ our way among the brambles & ~~the~~ bogs of contemporary literature without the help of Mr Barrett's enticing Cant horn. But once ~~that is said~~ fact is faced, ~~there is~~ ~~a fact~~ that is not a fact that need greatly ~~impress~~ us — ~~there~~ ~~remains~~ ~~these volumes~~ ~~five volumes of~~

Mr Barrett has been ~~many~~ ~~years~~ ~~besides~~ writing a ~~fiction~~ as well as ~~write~~-

there remain three fine volumes of ~~any~~ ~~or~~ ~~unaffected~~, ~~downright~~, ~~&~~ ~~entertaining~~, ~~rare~~ lively & ~~most readable~~ ~~essay~~ criticism. ~~For the truth is that besides having~~ ~~For thirty~~ ~~And~~ For the truth is that Mr Barrett, in addition to being a ~~return to the~~ ~~considers the~~ ~~which began~~ Kept the ~~one~~ friend, ~~art of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Mr Barrett's~~ writing. Charm, the Seductiveness, ~~of~~ His work ~~whole~~, for ~~if there is any use in~~ prophecy, ~~they~~ we ~~should make bold to say~~ that the ~~great~~ for ~~this~~ by ~~Mr~~ finally, we ~~venture to~~ make bold to say, that ~~they will live~~. They ~~essays~~ work ~~live~~. ~~Yet~~ ~~They have each one~~, that ~~how~~ are ~~they~~ ~~to define it~~ Yet ~~those~~, charm, like style, like manner like reading is indefinable. "Not ~~easy~~ to define charm, which is not a catalogue of qualities, but a mixture!"

these than any other

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Open Mr Burrell where you will & there is this mystery in operation; there is this effervescence of many often ~~& mostly opposite qualities~~ mutually destructive gifts in one person reason & imagination. Each flings the radiance & the curious play & sparkle of its prowess. One is perpetually being ~~It~~ It never forms in one great wave & crashes down; there is ever ebbing & dancing, & hand when we have heard this we just ~~hear~~ seeing & withholding. ~~One~~ This is ~~a~~ hard sayer & of course ~~dangerous~~ that Mr Burrell is a writer of natural verse — not one of our great verse, not one of our professionals, but as native to the English tongue as the dog-rose to the English hedge. ~~What a born maker of phrases he is~~! How Early & naturally he flings his cadences! ~~What a born maker of phrases he is~~! How the images come flocking to his pen, & how pleasant & sometimes more than pleasant they are to the Ear! "... this prepalong path, Gentle as is the breath with which a Child pickeres a dandelion-clock" ... "a moment have been had whilst Hale in the middle passage ayleti to scent the nightair" ;— . So obviously genuine, so real, though so quiet, was his pleasure in our English tongue & Fields, that it is quite difficult to realize that his feet can no longer stir & his ear hear the Cuckoo's haunting cry." — These are not the humble passages, they are not rhetorical prose, but they have ~~something of the~~ that nobody can write — that is the work of English ~~that it~~ that nobody can write without ~~are does not want to emphasize the pleasure these~~ having the heart of ~~English~~ literature in him & a something that stamps the work: that is the gift of the gods. There are the phrases fresh & unstrained only to those who have been created in the Heaven of Good Books.

Reverently Carelessly in Kindness

like a breeze stirred lake.

In age & illness

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The phrase that is used so often, & so often insincerely, ~~of~~
about books, that they have not a dull page in them,
is literally true of

~~For besides that after all is the~~

~~And that~~

~~And that last quality - the flavour of good book,~~ -
~~indeed though to the~~ ~~it is that, the love of Good books,~~
~~which~~ ~~Perhaps there is no~~ And that perhaps is the
~~most~~ ~~Indeed, if though there are~~ indeed beneath the
fun & the twinkle & the happy turn of phrase which
~~are so conspicuous~~, there ~~remains this~~ ~~is a quality~~
~~which~~ lies ~~that~~ not dormant by any means for we
elicit it at work incessantly, ~~as unpractised love~~
a profound, ~~natural, long~~ inborn, instinctive rather
than acquired love of literature. ~~The Student~~
~~It may be true~~ that the Student need may not see
from the study of Mr Berrell's essays a
It makes clear ~~indeed~~ all sorts of pleasant distinctions.
how Mr. Berrell chats about copyright, & about
binding, & about buying books - old books & book worms &
first editions. & bookselling - ~~he has no formality~~
~~& no~~ he wanders & digresses & pulls out
here some anecdote or saying to recall; as if
reading had been his hobby; as if he were
words apart from the serious student & had
never heard of research or of keyhole criticism or
visited the British Museum or done -
deep hard reading in his life. At the same
time, it can ~~there is kindled in the reader~~
~~that he makes his reader respect~~ he communicates

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a little by little into the ~~lazy~~ indolent mind of the reader
~~the suspicion~~ first the suspicion that Johnson & Lamb -
[Hazlitt & Cowper ~~are~~ were real & on the whole
congenial characters; after which ~~the whole the reader~~
begin to consider trying them for himself; & then,
he glances at Mr Birrell again to ~~see~~ take his
opinion on some disputed point; & then, since
glancing at Mr Birrell means dipping about in
side paths among nonentities & geese, &
people of no importance, he begins to feel how
that it might be worth while to go adventuring for
himself; & then – still reading Mr. Birrell –
there steals over him, very stealthily,
imperceptibly, an influence, not explicit or
analysable, but pervasive all the same, like the
smell of hay or bean fields – ~~that~~ which ~~is~~ is
~~concocted~~ the very aroma of Mr Birrell – the
large humane mind, the of compact ~~at~~ of
cleanliness & courage & candour – the aroma of the
well bred, well-nourished mind; & since this
seems part & parcel of what Mr Birrell is
discussing – since Mr. Birrell's attitude to
Lamb & Scott & all the other worthies of this
devotion has begot in him so pleasant a sweet
reason what can the student do but
begin to wish to love books too, after
the manner of Mr. Birrell – to find
himself also ~~permeated with the~~
ranging round the shelves, & ~~become~~ a ~~that~~
~~lover of English literature~~ ?

Conference on Ukiah and
Plans & Survey and map
Ventura & Ojai Ave

whether a ~~taste~~ thus leads to scholarships & fellowships is doubtful;
but that reading the Borrell leads to happiness &
merriment is ~~as~~ a other truth. And it may be instructed
in all humility that "Even that most
effhardmary compound, the rising generation of readers,
whose taste in literature is as erratic as critics
pronounce" — read this Borrell — "with laughter &
with love."

Here was a new book by Chr. Borrell — Et Cetera; & there
also some old books by Stephen Borrell But her books
was not one book but seven books. ~~Her~~ He had
Steven the power write the Collected works of Mr Borrell. She
held in her hand the last & addition to these seven
volumes ~~Et Cetera~~ — the latest added to her
Borrells book Et Cetera. And she was engaged in
Thats this called Et Cetera. & she was engaged in
a new book ~~by the Bronte~~ called Et Cetera. Here
She she was engaged in reader, whole mind he as the Hour,
Steven lay Steven the Collected men.

12' Ha
— what he says of Johnson, we might say of him:
Further, Further he has spoken with Browning, met Matthew
around & been ~~told~~ heard by his letters, "Keep your eyes open, for
the author of the wonder Book will pass in in a moment" &
Shine, in a Leverhurst Street was Hawthorne in the dark.
echoed All this then, So then, - stones begin & read Mr Borrell
after dinner, this is what happens ones face in readers,
in the fat plain between this So
~~Most books then, perhaps~~ fault
~~about~~
So then, if we like us

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So then if one sets up reading Mr Berrick ~~Mr Berrick it is~~ then they ~~this is a~~
~~Not to win a Scholarship~~, not to be seen by
~~these essays serve~~ what ~~with their with them~~ Chatterton ~~Their~~
~~Charm~~ then essays give the modest reader ~~with curiosity & desire~~.
~~They~~ They make literature ~~them~~ & to make his own
They might
discoveries. Literature ~~of afternoon is not the~~ a ~~pastime~~
an adventure Company assembly of people - John ~~there~~ are Johnson &
Boht & Lamb - ~~they are~~ & also Mrs Hannah More &
Arthur Young & a ~~bar~~. Dr Burney. an old Calcutta
Echoes from Old Calcutta — there is Peacock, a
rich mess (Celebrated ~~one~~ dinner November afternoon in 1869
in Mrs Reeves & Turners second-hand bookshop, nearly
opposite Old Temple Bar" ~~there is~~ with ~~they~~ ~~there is~~ ~~but~~ & ~~there is~~ ~~a~~
there are first edition ~~Chaucer~~ - this ~~not~~ a
medley, a general stew; by no means sorted out -
Clemens: a ~~Great Scotch~~ but the whole is a Mr
Berrick goes on talking, & controlled for us who
sit listening by ~~Jem Tim Harvey~~ - some thing distinguishing
& humorous & hearty & full & round true & Cautiously
& humorous distinguishing

And Mark ~~to take a liberty with~~ this audacious to
displace the name of Lamb in favour of another in the
following pedantic, still we venture to do it:

it nevertheless made habitable & recognisable -
decorated by the ~~Carlyles~~ ~~&~~ presence of
manifold: genial, companionable mind
sit ready to

loved work some forever of a few marked, kindly & genial pens

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That herhaps is the weakness of treating books as if they were people.
~~They are~~ ~~The time comes when~~ ~~Their failing~~ ~~They fet on my~~
nerves. ~~Some This is proved~~ One detects in them whatever
else that is unsympathetic to one in life — slowness, self analysis,
morbidity, sexual aberration. ~~stag~~ And then, having let wither
the other sense, which finds in literature ~~something~~ something non-personal,
~~something~~ ~~to~~ a food upon it, & analyses it, & draws
increasing satisfaction from it — ~~only~~ the beauty of word, ~~&~~ form, ~~&~~
or intellectual depth — ~~or~~ ~~all~~ ones sympathies are alienated, &
one has nothing to say ~~to~~ about La Recherche du Temps
Perdu for example. ~~Indeed one had found much of~~
~~"We want~~ "We want Lamb"
Take the phrase "~~from~~ about his prelude "Jestle as is the heart
with ah-a chord dispenses a dandelion clock". Or
"it must have been hard when Hell in the middle hamage of life
to scent the night air" — "my ~~object has been~~

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Pictures by Vanessa Bell.

not without apprehension artists in Cooling's gallery however,

That a woman should hold a show of pictures in Bond Street
I said, passing under Mr Cooling's banner, is not usual, nor
perhaps altogether proper. ~~She must have studied from the
nude & spent certain ... back sixty years ago,~~
It implies, strange, some study of the nude; & while
for many ages, it has been admitted accepted that women
are nudes, & bring nudely to birth — then incidentally
supplying the Royal Academy ~~with~~ Residents — it has always
been held, up to sixty years ago, that for a woman to
look upon nudity with the eye of an artist & not with the
eye of a ~~mother~~ wife ~~or~~ sister or mistress was corrupting ~~to~~ her
innocence & destructive of her domesticity. ~~Some of the~~ Hence of
~~Hence it came about~~ ~~Every Victorian family~~
~~course~~ the extreme activity of women, ~~in~~ in all fully clothed pursuits
philanthropy & religion, ~~& other fiction~~, society, —
Every Victorian family has in its cupboards the
skeleton of an Aunt who was driven to convert the
native because her father ~~objected to~~ refused to let her
~~look upon the human body~~ ~~paint~~. ~~And~~ ~~see a look~~
body upon a body with the ~~eye of an artist~~.
~~The studio door was locked.~~ ~~to look upon~~ nakedness.
~~The studio door~~ ~~of painting the human form~~ ~~undraped~~
~~or dream of painting the human form undraped~~
she must not see ~~a man in a state of nature~~: a naked man —
except for those ~~some~~ ~~honoured~~ ~~proceedings~~ ~~as~~ which
~~there is no need to specify, & require~~ — upset the maiden
Aunt had not — a ~~plain~~ gold ring upon the second
finger of the left hand.

her she said she wished to paint, her father said he would die rather than let her

she did not [illegible] the city

These reflections are only worth recording because
~~so many people~~ they ~~are~~ a ~~indicate~~ ~~what is~~ indicate a very
indicate ~~the hesitation, the~~ ~~state of mind which~~ ~~English people~~ state of mind common
~~hesitation~~ with which all ~~English people~~ ~~to visit~~ ~~pictures~~. Here is a
~~in which it is very common to~~ ~~visit~~ ~~pictures~~ ~~in Bond Street~~
they are ~~common~~ ~~enough~~ ~~in Bond Street~~

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must be
Common
enough among
people who
must
pretend to
Have
have
predilections
and
dislikes

scene, in one form or another, [illegible] among those who praise us
rough and fairer, on Bond Street. We who [illegible] a dozen
the fairest Haunts of Bond Street, devilment
indicate the state of mind in which so many give — I am not
referring to scenes to that select number who know something
about of cuts, cut-downs, & painless Misery — said
Cuts luxuriate fashion: where manners are very different & where
people just only to Meet hearties & vague Rheumatism take wigs
in society
visit teatime fallen. for We catch hold of any straw —
We Engage up argue, we moralize we Quite happy,
Sleepless & tapping steps in the grey hours,
Whether, we make up stories about what was our great aunts,
We catch hold any straw that will serve to hurt off
the embarrassing moment when we stand always in front of Vanessa
Bell's lectures & have to deliver judgment. The moment
Yet currently compels. Mrs. Bell has a certain
reputation. She is a woman, she said, & has to burden
men with a brush in her hand. She has — I was now
drawn into that formidable enclosure, Carving
not carver — recorded her impressions, delivered her
message; it stated what is to be the errand of many
adventure upon which we are all bent — poets today
She is reputed (I have read stern upholsterers) to be the
most considerable painter among her sex now living
in existence." The writer Berthe Morisot, Marie
Laurencin, Vanessa Bell — I assert the stereotyped
phrase which, without conveying anything definite,
comes to mind
rises in my head, & serves to make my position
more than a little uncomfortable
Looks my about me, I do not For is
For the most English trouble
any reputation is a
To many
presence of pictures, For it appears that these pictures are
remarkable are noted Stand for something, state
something, mean something, are not to be waked at
the mind like the & that, unless one wishes to
an uncivilized
be guilty of a frivolity, feather headedness,
& be laughed at

Could
Will &
Carve.

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ence ment, at any rate in the privacy of your own mind, render some account of them (which will not merely serve for not merely for yourself) render some account of, in the privacy of your own mind. For works of art are like a crime, to read a work under test, or to hunt one's car by the voice of the nightingale or Keats, it is still more apt to come to that mind to the voice of the artist (who is rarer than the nightingale) when you are deaf; for then the eventual deafness sets in; & if I hear by what Vanessa Bell is saying now — I confess that a still subtler music was made, But the image, tacked on my life, for the picture painters, & Here I heard, words that some voice uttered indeed the pictures, words, or my image reflected, fell. The room with sound to ring. And, though I cannot substantiate But human do not say. Only the hum of traffic rendered by ea. Then I said,

But what is that thing?

a of theatre not a good region, like cinema. Nancy for mounting there shadow like.

But on a wide sea surrounded by canvases, this shelf-shallows on the threshold seems superfluous. is it not comforting & stimulating cheering after all? to Are we not suffused, lit up, at ease in agony? to have Does not radiate from the walls a degree yet temperate warmth, like that of a conservatory are we not at once wafted in the fragrance of a conservatory, in the record of the street that not the as closely welcome after the sense shapes? what is the difficult in this art than in writing? to have an the Here as well sometimes (I) basking in that vineyard; or when the heart of Provence has & when the Provencal sun has baked us. then with its green & blue & red & yellows all burning — for

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Mrs Bell's letters always get misread, misunderstood but harmoniously so that we pass from tragedy
to our lunch & idle, in vineyard, on sunny hills: &
~~Can one not breathe in it,~~
Keep one eye on it, & let their starved nerves feed
~~by~~ suck up colour — the as a thirsty horse buries its
muzzle into cold water & drinks deep; while one
~~is apt~~ that & ~~to go~~ round, looking & looking,
& stretch ~~one~~ hand for a bunch of grapes, feel the
warm globes dissolve in one's mouth? as a
Are we not surrounded by vineyards, olive trees, bay
woods of ~~flowering flowers bay~~ bright pebbled flowers,
~~bay~~ naked feet couched ~~upon~~ on cushions. —
& naked boys, ankle deep in the sea Even the
purchase of the merchants outlay might ~~grant~~ us a stall &
few ~~moments for~~ of moment in what to drink & eat
this colour; & to ~~enjoy~~ open the nut & the fruit. This
order, this serenity. ~~And~~ Yet, is not the
purchase who intervenes: is it Mrs Bell: is it
~~the reason why she declines and~~ something stubborn, the
~~obstinate in her~~ unconquering nature of her art.
Surely nine painters out of a hundred would let us stay,
looking: they would tempt & capture & reduce. ~~to stare~~
& when we were tired of glorious, they let me ~~tell~~ ~~get~~ a
Draw your attention to the amusing antics of that parrot, a
to the arch sensualist-covered ~~by that~~ little boy pumping.
~~figure in the back ground.~~ Something moved in
one to gratify a perfectly
~~produce a~~ to the character of this old man or the
loveliness of this young woman.
Some ~~is~~ gratify ~~what is~~ ~~a very~~, ~~and~~ to — harmless & widely
spread desire for fiction.
& with all his
some!

who has watched my naked ~~boys~~ body & my ~~to~~ seductively endued,

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Come to look round the room a second time we perceive
that that particular avenue of approach is blocked.
prohibited. Eager to enjoy, anxious to understand, desirous
as we are to get say something intelligent, our first
advance is rebuffed. Stand do There are no stories, no
incidents, no a of portrait There are, there is room of
they are pictures of flesh- character all -which happens, living
drained of of human appeal texture and modelling to the
aesthetically on an equally par with the chrome blue yellow or the
red Chrysanthemum. Then pushes one can
Get within range of this approach by another avenue;
at any point when try to trace the lines by imagining
that these soft pictures let us by another: like.
Let us perhaps are can come at some idea of Mrs
Bell Henley: after all, it would hardly be possible to
read as many stories as there are volumes here without
feeling our way, psychologically, over the contours of the
Creator. world: Get again a Lloyd time, what would are
advance about the haunts of this human we are repulsed.
One says Mrs Vanessa Bell is a woman an artist; a
then half way round the room, one says, but the many are half a
man. One says she is interested in children; but then she
is equally interested in works. She says she is
interested in Has she any particular sympathy with
Clothes? Is she dandy? Is she austere?
Coarse? Is she pure? Is she red hand, or
brown eyed? Was she upper some cads heroes or
blonde Venus? Any way, we acutely functioned
would have failed something to our curiosity.
By this time, we would have found enough to be
to our Experience that her acts flowed her with
Youth or human motives; are would have or
Education; or some lacks in days were or humanity
which; under the heat of sympathy, would expand
to make a human being of her, Even to subject her
Circumstance - he lets a woman a

The bulk of
in here:
The group
of women
in colour;
the idea
here was
to pay
for him.

& do
green shape
to her
arm.

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& Drafted a bed which might work sympathy upon'd into an ordi-
But Mrs Bell says nothing: ~~A fantastic notion~~ Mrs Bell
life is not to be caught snared like that. Her feelings do not
betray her; their reliance is intolerable. ~~How must to~~
understand them we must ~~afterwards from another direction~~
forget a great deal; we must subtract a great deal; we must
simplify, amplify, & somehow — ~~not sentimentalize~~
after we must make figures — imagine a woman,
And ~~how~~ we come to the Kennet; ~~had as usual~~ Kenneth are
cast to me; And that as course is ~~hard~~ my meaning by the struggle.
What then do they say? They speak, — so much luck & luck,
~~One more on~~ with the mere expression they become: ~~they~~
just & yet there was never a speech that had so little
truck with words. She could fancy that Mrs Bell had
never read a line of Shakespeare: & She could fancy that
~~She had skipped the~~ all these intermediate stages which
nature had smoothed out ~~all~~ those nature had made her
without / that she had come through like immense ~~from~~ through
distant ~~ripples~~; ~~with all the obstacles obliterated~~ & only the ~~all~~ the
~~mass~~ left; had ~~skipped~~ the intermediate stages of ~~consciousness~~ &
~~pronoun~~ ~~experience~~ & ~~only taken the~~ perceived the ~~sublime~~ absurd;
~~that she was had something of the goddess & of the~~
was was a ~~spout~~ between goddess & peasant woman;
& ~~accordingly could~~ lived ~~sitting~~ now stood the shroud of
~~peace~~ & now sat in the kitchen shelling peas.
Rebuilt ~~again~~:
~~What~~ The way ~~she~~ in these pictures The things then
that the ~~rays are what we want~~ in ~~these pictures~~ is
is difficult to find any term for in words; & yet,
perhaps for this reason, the emotion which they excite is
curiously strong, ~~very pure~~, & durable. ~~The room~~
~~But this time~~ That ~~first~~; That is the foundling
Hospital in Gamble; this is not about to be pulled down;
this not the home of orphans; this simply a fine
building; & that is a fine tree. ~~And for~~ And so with
[this is no comment, no tears, no death; a
Certain - Hathmen.

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Mrs Bell will ~~They tempt one to~~ ~~entirely~~ ~~interests of~~
They excite a ~~very~~ strong emotion; ~~& yet~~, ~~when we have~~
if we 2 get when, ~~in obedience to the moral instinct~~
we have ~~dramatized or~~ made a story or made a type or
made an argument to fit it the Spirit has escaped.
~~Mrs Bell was not exclaiming~~ whatever the emotion was that the picture had nothing to
do with that. A ~~the~~ good example of the way in
which Mrs Bell ~~turns us on a false scent~~ treats us in the
lunch is to be found in her painting of the Foundling
Hospital. Here are rags to ~~merely~~, is ~~that~~ noble
Englishly looking building, ~~about to be pulled down~~;
when round a million orphans; ~~little chubs~~ the waifs of the
~~England~~ ~~today~~ streets were hung in tatters at the gates:
here Hogarth ~~pauses~~ ~~& kind~~ hearted Thackeray brushed
away a tear; ~~& this has all gone; it has~~ the agent
& Dickens, who loved ~~to~~ dram the street, ~~often paused~~; ~~as he~~
~~paused, to~~ And it ~~has been pulled down~~; ~~but~~ ~~and~~ ~~where~~ ~~babies~~,
~~must often have~~ ~~Carry two~~ paused a he paused. ~~All~~ ~~her~~
~~now crowded~~. Homebuilders & ~~the~~ ~~cradles~~ here done the
work... But what has Mrs Bell got to say ~~about~~ all
this? Nothing. There is the picture; ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~beautiful~~;
~~a home, & a tree~~ it ~~represents~~ a home, ~~any~~ & a tree.
~~Mrs Bell~~ ~~her~~ ~~mind~~ might ~~have~~ ~~& heard~~ of orphans; or of
~~Cockney~~ ~~Cowan~~, or of Thackeray; or of Dickens, or ~~have~~
~~been aware~~ ~~that upon the~~ ~~that~~ ~~very~~ ~~day~~ ~~when~~ the
~~under~~ ~~the~~ Foundling ~~hospital~~, ~~the~~ was ~~one~~ ~~with~~ last.
no destruction, no sense of ~~tear~~, no anger, ~~or~~ ~~very~~ ~~no sentiment~~,
no feeling that ~~this~~ very day is perhaps the last.
And yet there is emotion: ~~the~~ ~~picture~~ ~~emotion~~, ~~in~~ ~~scene~~, ~~scene~~, &
The room is charged with ~~love~~ it. ~~One feels~~
~~that~~ ~~behind~~ ~~& spoken~~, ~~one feels~~ There is emotion
in that charwoman; in that white cow; in
in that scrubby ~~little~~ girl in the blue frock: in
the flowers & the trees; in the ~~olive~~ trees; in the

Ram almd
or
pointed it
or merely
paid to
find an
appropriate
in accordance
pranked it
into
blue &
green &
serenades
& lordly
& dun
ere do
The picture
has escaped.

NYPL

when who
described
like here
unbelievably
plays. it
time.

work; in the highest hills adjacent the blue sky. Here, blankly
[illegible] as is somebody to ask in whom the
Heathcote who feels & to whom the visible world has given
green & flowers. Sky sky the light. But what is that emotion? How
And yet, we one says, This all very haughty. How is
but what emotion? And is it a is it the dislike
take cognizance your & pity & terror & love & [illegible] ?
Who these haunts live in a world from which mutuality
has been excluded? How Mrs Bell [illegible] of
Shakespeare? that In which psychology does
not enter? And is morality there to be found there? —
Can [illegible], All one can be sure of is that
Or are the & And where can
whom this last question Che wanted like to confront
Mrs Bell with her grandfather.
[illegible] that last unspoken question upon one's lips,
One last Each that last unspoken question as
so I asked myself; must seek by their; &
by the way
Therefore the very question one asked as one came in —
For really one must Mrs Bell is a woman
Ironically that she will not approach

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There is, indeed it may be, a mechanically interesting smoothness,
for the very reason that it has

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There is, indeed it may be, a peculiarly interesting emotion,
for the very reason that it has

NYPL

Jan
Jacq married 16
1767.

J. Stokes
Maria
à Bercy.

Mr. was about
17 in the yea
1708
1752
16

Jan 6 1752

May 2nd

Fanny's Half-Sister

Since a copy of Evelina was lately sold for the enormous sum of four thousand pounds, since the Clarendon Press has lately produced the most magnificent complement a new edition of Evelina, since Maria Allen was the half-sister of the authoress of Evelina, & since half sisters like Maria undoubtedly influence authoresses like Fanny Burney it may not be impertinent to consider for a moment the tragic history of that unfortunate girl.

It is well known that Dr Burney was twice married; his second wife was a Mrs Allen of Lynn. She was the widow of a substantial man, who left her with a fortune which she promptly lost, & with a daughter Maria who was very much of the same age as the Burney girls, at the time of the re-marriage & promptly became not only their half sisters but their crony & bosom friend. Certain differences of temperament led to the friendship. The Burneys were gifted, precocious, children & gifted parents, & had engaged from the first all the stimulus & the Education that comes from running in & out of Young where eleven people are grown up people are engaging the discussing books & pictures & talking about books & music, where the pianoforte is always being played, & the door is always opening to admit Mr. Garrick, & Mr. Burke, & even the awful Dr Johnson. Only Maria on the other hand had been brought up in the provinces. She was a Miss in Lynn. The Beauty of Lynn was She had known Miss Dolly Young & — She knew Miss Dolly Young & Mr. Young & her own relations. She mixed with & despised & merchants. She watched the Butts & Her

Character better after marriage but not good

in her mother's marriage,

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had no particular intention at a letter. She was certain
where the Burneys were certain: she conceived herself where
the Burneys were metaphorically cultivated. She was fond of
merchant a nervous lively, a Susan & Kitty &
Fanny were fond of hen-talking & reserves. She was
all agog for life & adventure while they, themselves
such all kinds of absurdity were always scribbling &
passing on & running away into corners & comment to-
gether these. Ecstasies & amusements which they
felt & keenly but with which life struck them. She
was a down right headstrong lovely girl, whose
mother a head of the years never behind them, which their
Burneys & the brought to Poland Street precisely
that whiff of fresh air & common life which
the precocious highly intelligent family
lacked & must therefore find refreshing.
She. Sometimes she lived with them in Poland Street. &
left her pound incautiously on her open bureau when
another young came to take them on a jaunt to Greenwich
sometimes they stayed she she knew stayed at Lynn in
her mother house & the Burneys visited her. When they
parted, the west. Lynn was notes heath on London.
Maria of course felt for the Burneys & for Fanny in
particular a warm, devoted unpretending admiration.
They were so learned, so innocent, so Charming & so
refined. They knew so little of life, while yet
they lived in the midst of pleasure. The chore
She was, she wrote to Fanny, & not "near so
Squeamish as you are". Already in 1770
Fanny was writing in her dearly certain confidence, &
recording carefully the names of Maria & a young
Mr. Rishton, in such a fashion that later she
cut out twelve pages & destroyed them. Again the
diary of 1771 is mutilated for the same reasons —
those recorded confidences made behalf in the

no as much agog

a Her zest for Letter Conjard

too

NYPL

Carbon at Lyon. perhaps in the Closet in Poland Street, which
was to become hallowed in Marcia's thoughts, when both the
Mother had left her life. But Marcia's letters,
100 "Flighty, ridiculous, uncommon, lively, comical,
entertaining, frank & undisguised" as Fanny called
them, were kept as long as the kind; in spite of the fact
that they were not merely indiscreet, but often
ungrammatical, misspelt, & undated, & Fanny
kept them however, both because she loved the writer, &
also perhaps because they gave her that the very
material in the raw which she wished to use as an
artist, & was incapable, with her diffidence &
timidity, of getting first hand for herself.
101 And from Marcia's letters we can learn what was talked of
& what was a fact. Marcia in the year 1770 went to an
Assembly at Lyon — apart her own inclination. a Ball
I have always sacrificed my own inclination to the
will of other people". She went. but she was determined not to
dance. "Mr. Audley asked me I declined it.
& the rest. Then some couples began. & Marcia was
there. And there was nobody else to. & Not a
single female friend. And the brother he carries.
stood "one can't always keep a the Mark of
102 Wisdom — " & she dared a moment — write a
Marked wretch — need I name him? — &
"Some looks broke them promise of not dancing....
& She got into the Chariot to come home.
& perhaps she was not alone — & all is
vanity, vexation of spirit & so. since she was
asked to give an account of the Assembly here it is,
"I have obeyed your orders, though have been rather
to reluctant I think" — & Adieu & last Continue to
love me"

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Some time

In 1770 for Example, there was an assembly at Lynn; & Maria was lent to ~~with~~ an Account yet to Poland Street. ~~which~~ perhaps, rather more darky & ellipsis than usual because of its Confidential nature ~~discovered~~ the ~~discovered~~ told them what she did not know; yet she told them what she did not know; the went against her wish; but Bet Dickens prevailed. So the went. & Mr. Cradley asked her to dance. She sat still.

But the way determined not to dance.

"But your Cousin begs —

Martin Who ~~knows~~ are to infer that Martin came home with ~~her~~; The presumption is That Martin came home with her. The ~~great~~ Romance of her life had begun. for certainly the letter was highly Confidential, & she feared, very indiscreet. Martin, whether or not we do right to infer that Martin came home with her, we are cannot be wrong in ~~supposing~~ supposing that ~~the~~ Cousin Martin ~~was~~ about whom the ~~already the hero about whom~~ of the Romance the Burneys wished to hear ~~about~~, & Martin who made it made it necessary for Maria to indulge in so many ~~Caution & oblique turns of phrase~~. ~~Necessity & obliquity~~. words & works & half ~~uttered~~ phrase. intelligible innuendoes

Love for the delights of Envy

~~Yet is difficult~~ Yet is difficult to see why, Martin ~~should have~~ with ~~at Martins~~ advantage, ~~Secrecy~~ Secrecy was necessary, ~~unless~~ The love affair should not have been conducted openly. Martin Rushton was a eligible young man. He was well born, ~~a the heir~~ ~~of~~ to ~~his~~ of Squire ~~a~~ Shuldham his Uncle, Sir Richard Bellingham, ~~a baronet, who was both a rich man & a great one.~~ had made him his heir. Both families, the ~~Rushtons &~~ the Nevertheless, ~~both~~ Maria's for the reason Mother was strongly against the match, on ~~the~~ ~~matter of~~ ~~on ground that~~ that he had been

Actually

extravagant at Oxford, & ~~the~~ that she had heard Envy that he had done something unworthy of a gentleman" ~~The~~ ~~disapproval was enforced by~~

109

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108

130

lost ~~Rebecca her reasons were~~
~~they did not may have been founded upon~~ Rebecca ~~her teacher~~ her
her objections rested upon her ~~deep~~ knowledge she daughter too.
Marcia was very young, very wild & very pretty. Already in
Martin Rebecca she may have seen the heart & some of their
~~strange~~ qualities which were afterwards to prove themselves so
tragedy. Attracted, he was held as to make a safer lover, &
for Richard Bettigen either to separate the lovers or merely
for educational purposes, sent his nephew on the beginning of
1771 to travel for two years abroad

But four months had not passed when Marcia
who was at Lyon, heard that "Rebecca — my — the
the very identical Martin — Follies — Luciennes — &c. —
Rebecca is come over — & now in England — when
asked — Old Squire Rolfe — had ... been at
dinner at the Inn's in Welbeck Street — when the
door opened & in came [Rebecca]." — when asked
what ~~he~~ had brought him over in such a hurry? he
smiled but said nothing to the questions!
From the raw hour, after dinner, Sir did not dance with him, &
it seems as if the days were in love, for she did not dance
with him, & thanks of the future prospect with
~~disliking~~ began soon to go to Geneva, Rebecca ~~her~~
to live there would be better than what my future
prospects are in England As to Rebecca's heart,
She does not know whether she has lost it or not.
But the letter is too long to be given in full; & also
quite disjointed

By Nov. 2 (1771) Marcia was robbed, alone with a
maid in Geneva. Many thousands had money &
the journey out in Paris & Lyons on clothes.
Then ~~by~~ fresh money were sent her she might be
forced to sell her diamonds which she had with her. And

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135 She must have ventured after a pena forte, & music &
Fordyce Sermons & a tea cadet & an ebony inkstand with
silver plated tops & a very pretty naked wax doll with
blue eyes — all which must be well wrapped up & packed
under the care of the penn forte. ~~How must be paid for~~
In which Maria will send things from Geneva, or "a box
on somebody in London": When there was no reply, they
had never hear from her again: The reply must have
been sent, for, another long letter came to Fanny from
Geneva, from in which she enclosed a copy of a letter written
from Marlow Rectory, which Fanny was to burn
157 when read. And she must not show it to Hetty for
Hetty disliked Mr Rushton. That for all her banishment
& the command of her mother. She was deeply convinced
with Rushton. She had heard from him, & Fanny a
Copy of his letter; with tea & doubts: for never was
letter that did him credit. Yet they must ~~try to think well~~;
remember that "on whom all
my happiness in this life depends & on whom
wish to see no faults" — for knew my heart
has never once ceased to Beat in his favour favour
Even when I thought him most unworthy —
And from a postscript, the reply it appears that she had
told he had ~~done wrong~~ pushed something in England
which she had ~~approved in a letter~~ replied with
to Reverely, feigning an indifference ah — she did not feel.
And to this Marlow had replied — indeed she will
quote part of what he said — he said
From he ejaculates, Exclamations, it seems that before
leaving England she had written him a letter, in one
may seem confessing her love, ah — she ashamed
bitterly repelled. He replied; And to his reply the
hand then betrayed her she may seem further,
with some proposal that she ~~could not agree~~ to.
with all her coldness. Could not
accept. After

NYPÜ

writhy Miss allenger the refusal in a letter of severity &
in difference. And then he answered her, reproachfully her for his
her lack of faith in him. "But pray! what reason
had you for so much uneasiness? Did my character ever
give you room to imagine? I should assure you because
you loved me? 'ée — ." This letter was received in April
158 Miss allen was expected home in June; but for a
167. time the letter seem to have ceased.

But she arrived ~~unfortunately~~ before that a circumstance
which was so romantic, so & sadly above all so
recent that "I dare not commit particulars to paper."
This much & only could be said "Miss Allen, — for
the last time I shall so call her, — came home on
Monday last. Her novel is not yet over;
nevertheless, she — was married last Saturday!
Brown time. Rushton had gone out to join her somewhere
abroad. They had been married at Ipres on
174 16th may 1774. On the 18th Maria reached
England & consigned the rest to Fanny. Jane Burney left us
not to Maria's mother or to Mr Burney. Mr
Maria dilemma, they decided to wait Mrs Crisp's time
her Crisp, & accordingly on the 7th June, Maria & Mrs Crisp then
& Jane Burney went down to stay at Chessington.
Three
copies
that
was
necessary.

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Marcia ~~& Jordan Burney went down to Chessington~~.
a ~~well~~ tall & handsome man, accustomed in his youth to
the best society, ~~a man of~~ a man who had spent much
money: much time in entertaining ~~&~~ the wits & Grandees ~~of~~
~~his age~~ ~~a man of~~ a man of letters he had, some years
before, abruptly ~~quitted the~~ thrown up the whole thing
in disgust & retired to a decayed manor ~~among~~ in a
~~moor~~ where Hugh near London, was so ~~situated so~~
so lonely ~~so cut off from high road &~~
so isolated, ~~stood~~ that no one ~~could~~ find their
way across the ~~the fields~~ in moor in which it stood
without ~~a plan, guide, & this~~ Samuel Crisp
in his ~~hermit~~ present ~~disdain of human intercourse~~
~~refused to give, save to a~~ refused to
~~invited~~ invite intruders; & Samuel Crisp was careful to
tell no one, save the Burneys & a friend or two, ~~of them~~,
how to get to ~~my~~ his ~~calibre~~, how to find ~~his~~ the way to his
retreat. But ~~his~~ ~~upon the Burneys~~, ~~to that very~~ ~~his isolation~~
~~much friends~~ ~~& he had his~~ that came, first ~~made his~~ they who were
~~still~~ admitted. He ~~defended~~ had come to depend
completely upon the Burneys for news. In society, for
all the human necessities. The Burney children
stood to him in the place of his own children. Upon
them he lavished all the advice & tenderness
& disinterested knowledge of life which, gathered
at so much cost, in the great world ~~by to~~ to
himself, when he was young, ~~vainly an outlet~~.
They hoarded there in the decaying manor house,
where he lodged as the boarder of a decayed old
lady. The last representative of the race,
among old furniture & old books, ~~cut off from~~
~~Esher, from view~~, surrounded by fields, at a
long distance from the high road. Even to

in social observance & his true friendship had gained him intimate welcome. The whole had formed his delight.

But his welcome was all the stranger to those who were admitted.

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Richlo

Cheesman then & to Samuel Crisp that Marcia &
Jason Bunny made their way with them Remenden secret
on the 7th of June, 1772. At first Marcia tried to
pave the way by hints & "hums & has": but the
Crisps succeeded only in arousing Mrs Lovein
curiosity. Samuel Crisp [illegible] to abroad of Marbin;
1
174 whose & Marcia, growing hot hasty at the old
devil' seemingly, went off in-
built to her bedroom, & decided. Jason hent was no
good, she resolved to carry the matter high handedly. The
next Kelly Cooke, the niece of Mrs. Hamilton, who
was one of the regular [illegible] at Chessington, to
Mrs. Crisp with a message: "Mrs Richlon
must comply & hoped to see them at Stanhope "
[where the Richlons afterwards lived] this summer.
When he had got the message, Mrs Crisp
came above to the girls room. He "Marcia felt in
uncertain her Kneesh & had her face on the bed. — "Why what's
all this?" said he. Kate claw'd hold of her
left hand, & shew'd him the Ring." Whereupon,
to our disappointment, the discretion of the editor
prevails, & Mr. Crisp's Expressions "which,
away cultivated gentlemen like himself, were
rather obsolete even in 1772, but were not
polite" are omitted. But after this omission
we are allowed to proceed: "'Zounds," he,
"you know all this affair — is it so?" —

175 how Mrs Crisp the man of the world came in to
Marcia- Clay. Once it seemed certain that they what he
Marbin. were legally married, once from
Compte could [illegible]. Marbin had behaved like a man of
sense & a gentleman, he asserted that the fact
should be published immediately, that & not

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& no mystery made about it. He kindly said that he
would write himself to Mrs Burney & invited Maria
to return to Queen Square & make a clean breast of the
affair & Martin who he told to come over.
Mrs Burney advised to have taken the disclosure very
warmly! She received the couple, but just as before
177 in the way of Fanny's visiting Maria after her return.
& indeed & Maria resented her mothers
treatment, & her mother blame & her mothers
silence when to Martin for years to come. But
the deed was done, & the young couple had now
nothing to separate them. So Mrs Richardson
& do but settle down an uneventfully to the
delights of married life.

At first all went well - They were in London in Jan: 1773
& took Fanny to Covent Garden Theatre
against her step-mothers wish. to Covent Garden. Theatre.
They two Martin Aunt Uncle & Aunt were of the party, &
two incidents emerge to record for the light they
throw upon the character of Martin Richardson.
The old couple, who lived in Queen Square, kept
them too were not ready when the young people
chose up & kept them waiting. On the Martin
exclaimed "How truly vulgar! to make people
wait!" & Fanny observed that the hair
fortune descended on them, his behaviour was
unmeaning! He had to ward Fanny that they
the lady was of the demi-rank. The
Bellamy, he had read, and became the meaniness the
softer by saying that he took had just left her.
And so she did. In order to annoy her.
Granville who generally ate no supper, ate as if
he had fasted for three days. "Far from flattering

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1
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he even [underline]frowns[/underline] them for their foibles; & whenever they seem to cast any disperssion, he treats them most Cavalierly.... If he humbled himself to them, he is Convinced they will trample on him... He was in high spirits & [strikethrough]read[/strikethrough] proved uncommonly agreeable. In Cross Purposes, the Postman wore the London livery of Mr. Richlon's Servants." Marcia Laughed & looked up to Mr. Richlon. "I did not venture often ask, his Lordship is certainly dress, & love of being [underline]distinguished[/underline] from the [underline]vulgar crew[/underline] Vulgar, one fault, was a word constantly in Maertens' lips.

It was after that the Richlons went to Bath. to to drink the waters for the sake of Marcia's health. On the negat of Feb. 22nd 1773 the week [strikethrough]after[/strikethrough] to fancy a curious [strikethrough]my[/strikethrough] letter of mixed emotions. She was able sitting alone in assembly Buildings. for Maertens had gone to Fischer's Concert. the would have liked to go: she was "vastly discontented' not to go hereby; ('for this the last time the Eldest Darley boys at Bath'— 'but Richlon who is rather more taste about dress than I am, can't think of my appearing. "He had wanted her to buy a suit of "mignionet Lemon trimmed for second mourning — but my Economy prevail'd over that, & as he was unwilling I shd. appear else, I gave up the dear Fisher — see what a a cruel thing to have a Spouse who is rather a p—p—y in those sort of things."

Then she cuts a Joke, hazy reason, about how people might make a story of it, & [strikethrough]say that[/strikethrough] hints her for being alone & wishes that Maertens was Playing with Every Miss in his way".

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Bath April 1808

But Lady, a rather premature to her Lady, for she did not like Bath, the fashion drove us to Tenby. Tregonwell, a Tenby monkey a Marcia Wells &c, where everything went to her liking. Their Lodging might have been described by the Mrs Merrifies as the retreat of some heroine. It was 204 situated on a fine green, not far from the sea, & in to a fine view of a cliff. The house was one of very neatest "Tea at 3d college for one new" — They had a little parlour, Jule or China Glass Flowers that the own sea Captain had brought us on his voyages. A Greatmay pants out from the paper but bubble by a fine wall. There was flower pots stood in the window. They were two pictures attributed to Raphael & Correggio, The beds college were clean. The women Mastley & handsome. There was wholly & salem & market to be had for. & we shall often go out & take our dinner with us — The hostle are so simple & happy — " And to make the 207 clean better, we have a a basin of beautiful Grounds, & a remarkable fine pomeranian Dog R gave a great deal of money for at Bath to please me — they we have Great diversion . . . & are our Constant companion — we intend getting a voyage Newfoundland dog before we leave this place

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From all this then we are led to infer that Marcia was glad to be
quit of Bath; where Martin bothered about appearances: & we
may see in his caricature - though this is the wildest caricature
that the Pomeranian dog was an offering intended to
make up the disturbance ~~pleasure~~ dispute about the
Negligee dress.

1
212

And then Marcia began to wish that Fanny wd come
to stay a fortnight; if she had a companion, Martin
cried 'go out often a fishing & hunting'; & then,
the coach. And the wreath two more facts, of some
importance: that the wears nothing but a common
linnen gown'; & has not had her hair dressed since
Fanny she came there; & that she can only offer
Fanny the boy room because the other rooms are so
littered with dogs & poultry." In answer to
objections, she went on to say that the wreath
further that Martin wanted two cricket bats to
cost 4/ or 4/6 each; & a Hawkesworth Journal; &
the aves that a walk with him in Devonshire
that ever Pollard her to visit a Fag Ry
have been hoppy & delighted in his Company or meant
have been the most ungrateful Creature breathing ...

215

Then Edward, Fanny arrived sometime in July
1773. [They went to the races. But all the
same, the Rishtons were in love with retirement
Martin indeed only approved of two families, the
Phetps a the Harrels, who & the Harrels had
£500 a year a piece. The Mr H. was the
daughter of Dr John Davy. Mrs Bowdler who was
another resident was not included in the category.
Mrs Bowdler Jane Martin Jane Came for encagement.
The was The Bowdlers family were old friends
of Marcia's family Therefore Anne realised that

& entertained her & Mrs Phetps.

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they should see her: but there were plain drawbacks. Mrs
Ry. was very sensible clever & zealous. She seemed
keenly interested in the questions of the day. She loved on
the whole, wholly regardless & undefiant of
appearances. She her father, mother & sister alone; but
Come to Tynemouth to live alone. Martin
who loved Fanny all this," cannot endure even the
regret she, a woman he says, who despises the
customs & manners of the country she lives in, must
consequently, conduct herself with impropriety.
The trouble was that she was perpetually at the
Crescents — a 'gentlemen' on the wrong side of
Shakespeare, who is perfect master of French. Martin,
but had a very
home. Mrs Bowdler aged about 60 & 20 was
not contented with a call, she very frequently
lives with them: & the 2 & the door shut in the
face every day ... yet Mr Ry by no means
approves of so great a contempt of buttons.
221 'Ces to Mrs Rabbits, he almost detests her

232 (Bowdler had named Crusher)

his Christ: Martin did not like it.
241 Martin was disturbed Crusher for his flirtations
242 but Crusher the first man here.
Bowdler read the Fairy Queen many an hour
together.
244 Mrs Bowdler made them to be Martin dance
laughed at the Anthem. Martin offended.
246 Mrs Bowdler cold. She ordered Eloise.
247 Lord never bothered nonsense to her.
Martin Work. Martin liked the Ravels
250 252 all hated a Carol Tennis.

x an Abfüllung und Versand wenn a

225.

schnell wachsend ist Bingham.

Forstl. Abt.

always addressing !!!

226 a. Forst Forstwirtschaft!

at last therefore Fanny came. with us her residence in the Ivy Room & for the next six weeks observed the Restons & Tingmouth closely with her usual straightforward & Mountain city. The wound ~~heavily too~~ as usual plenty to Observe. In the first place there were the Restons themselves. They were plainly very much in love; & yet marriage had changed Maria to some extent — her humour was just as odd & wild & fantastic in private, Custom-bubble she had adopted the plain & nervous way of an Elderly person. She was necessarily on defensive to Martin, for Martin was more than ever punctilious. There were only two families in the place of whom he also approved — the Phipps & the Hurrels — & in what degree he liked the Hurrels Fanny & Maria could not see: but. Hurrel has £150 a year & his first wife's daughter & Dr John Dunn, but Mr Hurrel though — clergyman was extremely fat & very pleasy & though when clergyman, ~~had a fit on occasion~~ — did ~~not~~ ~~usual~~ became ~~only~~ they terrible day when they were almost drowned & though he added instantly On the other hand there were many people of whom Martin did not approve at all — in fact he 'almost detested' Miss Bowdler. The reason was not far to seek. Mrs Bowdler had every advantage — a father a mother, a brother ~~who was~~ with the most correct views when the improperly & Charmeheare, & to get the prepared to leave them, to live alone at Tingmouth & to visit Mrs Crespen's lodgings; ~~but merely to pay a call~~ but she actually stayed ~~to suppose a~~ & not merely had a castastrophy & not merely ~~pay~~ had a call, but stayed to supper. As Mrs Crespen was ~~a~~ on the wrong side of an elderly man's, & ~~had~~ was head a house in Bath & knew French & Italian & Martin & Mrs. Crespen, there ~~did~~.

clouds, belong to Maria

when almost drowned & about to lose his dinner

finds cheerly on the fair face of Fanny but M,

225

x as obliging and tiresome woman as

almost reached at Burgham.

forgive the

always address

226 a good forgive me!!

at last therefore Fanny came. Both upon her residence in the very room & for the next six weeks observed the Restons & Tregmouth fiercely with her usual sprightliness & Mountain acidity. The ground nearly the same as most plenty to observe. In the first place there were the Restons themselves. They were plainly very much in love; & yet marriage had changed Maria to some extent — her humours were just as odd & wilful & fantastic in private, but — publicly she had adopted the plain & serious way of an elderly person. She was necessarily on different ground to Martin, for Martin was more than ever plebeian. There were only two families in the place upon whom he also approved — the Phelps & the Hurrells — & for what reason he liked the Hurrells Fanny & Maria could not see: but. Hurrell has £150 a year stipend, but Farquhar was very dull, Hurrell was very dull, daughter of Sir John Davy, but Mr. Hurrell Hugh — clergyman was extremely fat & very fleshy & Hugh — when clergyman, had a stroke on occasion — did not [illegible] almost drowned & he Hugh he added instantly On the other hand there were many people of whom Martin did not approve at all — in fact he 'almost detested' Miss Bowdler. The reason was not far to seek. Miss Bowdler had every advantage — a father a mother, a brother, who was with the most correct views when the improperly of Thatchercave, & up & set the prepared to lean upon them, to live alone at Tregmouth's to visit Mrs Cresben's lodgings; but merely to pay a call but she actually stayed to [illegible] & not merely had & actually stayed a call, but stayed to [illegible]. As Mrs Cresben was on the wrong side of an elderly man', & loved no head a home in Bath & knew French & Italian & Martin, there did.

when almost drowned & about to lose his dinner

fiercely & openly on the fair face of Fanny first N,

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husbands have been often improperly in them. But with Mrs. Cresham loved young Mr. Green; & for a young woman of 26 to sup in the same house with her lover, & Mr Cresham ~~Howard~~ was impossible. As Martin ~~continued~~ to fancy ~~that~~ "a woman who declares the Customs & manners of the Country she lives in, must, consequently, conduct herself with impropriety". ~~But a~~ ~~But the~~ Yet was she came frequently always at the Rectors. ~~How was~~ ~~Mrs~~ Mrs Bowdler was old friend of the allens. Marcia enjoyed her society. She was very like what Marcia had been. She was very sensible & ~~to~~ clever, & had a great share of wit & originality, & though not pretty, had a very ~~Marked & expressive Countenance~~. & spared neither friend or foe! Meanwhile In so much a whatever Martin might wish, ~~seem impossible~~ Marcia that the Cresham Phipps Hurrels Rectors & Mrs Bowdler should not meet in assembly. Expeditions were arranged. There were village Feasts. They all went together to see the ~~fe~~ ~~Feast~~ when the huge fowl was cut off & the stump ~~shewed~~ so that nobody cared how it; & ~~to~~ the wrestlers, & ~~to go on that Episode during Party to~~ . . . & they went off on long days of ardeour sport. In short ~~Anna miserable to have the hope of hermit~~ Soon Mr. Cresham Fresh moths were very lovely; & was Fanny ~~loud lively~~ ~~coloured in the most~~ was found ~~that~~ lively in the medst of ~~Conversation~~ & Scandal. Old Mr. Cresham, to Sample, began to pay her attentions. Old men were always attracted to her. ~~He~~ flirted with her outrageously. He was always praising her & asking her, as an old man, to let him kiss her. Mrs Bowdler ~~then~~ took ~~affront was & was extremely told to Fanny~~; offence.

Strong unfavorable

"to give him the true
he never talked that
nonsense to me"
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231 Make a help
from B.
Quatrefoil

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"by ... Then would soon
make this an errant a
public place as Bristol
Hotwells or any
other place"
1.222

It was not that Mr. Crosbie had ever made love to her; but she had received him though an absurd. Mrs. Crosbie acknowledged that his then relationship had been very serious; & that he had the greatest respect for her remarkable qualities — spoke "a little Burney" was correct. Little Burney was a prude — He would not let A little Burney alone a moment. Martin Procopius began to detest Mrs Crosbie. Mrs. Crosbie, who had travelled extensively in the continent & spoke foreign languages, had long bored on the fat man in Tingmouth. That Martin, who had ordered an Italian Grammar from London & was making great progress in the language, & was already prepared to dispute this point with Mrs Crosbie when she began to flirt with a young lady who lodged in Martin's house. The affair became delectable. But Crosbie hardly perceived the coldness & was forced to hold off. For The parties ran high, & two distinct schools of opinion were fervently in being. There was the Island & exclusive set, headed by Martin & the Haverels; there was the Low & vulgar set, called the Tingmouth set, with which Mrs Bowdler associated — who ran about the streets making jokes. The schism they in Martin was that his wife, for whom he was passionately in love, vacillated towards the Tingmouth set. There can be no doubt that he suffered considerably. For if he affronted fashionable Mrs Bowdler to come, there was the scandal, & if he became the admired family connection; but the end. Evidently making him an object of ridicule. Martin in the predicament, found in the

Tingmouth in January about the Town & Devonshire themselves in a very ceremonially & Low Carolus Style.

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1
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did his first one. The last place to educate his wife – The
Negro also to learn Italian; & he read aloud the
Faery Queen in wh- he is extremely delicate,
omitting whatever, to the least great disgrace, has
Orlando that is improper for a woman's Ear."
And Sharia was always walking, or dancing in the Study.
& no doubt was in the presence of Mrs Bowdler &
Mr Gresham who made his house the that he took to
violently to Hart, & whereas, in Creaseyly inclined to
Concentrate his mind upon his dogs. One of them
under the heat we had that he broke its leg. But
Hasty his. The next moment he was lower stuck; he
bore the Accident's reproof with admirable Candour;
& struck not he flung over with his habit of no
affectation – this anxiously with his usual fairness to
some species of Approach with him. Women.
from the very day the so much annoyed him by
laughing aloud in church when the Anthem was
howled & bawled & mauled by the village
singers. Both Maria & Fanny laughed. &
Martin was much offended.
At length there can be no doubt that Martin
was very glad to be when the time at Tunbridge
Came to an end
Perhaps everybody was glad.
Mrs Bowdler came to say farewell; & we all
parted upon very civil terms. But Mr Gresham
had already gone with extreme good bye – Step
Could Mrs Bowdler be unaware that
Mr Gresham did.
But what Mrs Bowdler was
be in any doubt what Martin Bachelor thought of them.
Mrs B. Always he remained left for Bath.

& Mrs Gresham
old Romeo
the old
Pomeranian

he had
& proceeded
Fang to him
barking to heart
in Quiet Style.

left by a
weaver &
Study
Parkinson

was in
a merciful
Spirit
When the time
Came to
speak up: for
Sept 16th
They left a
Sept. 19th

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they were glad to say Good bye, & so were able to part on
very civil terms. Mr Crofton & Miss Bowdler had already departed;
perhaps to Bath; but Miss Bowdler came to say farewell, &
then departed, for Bath also. But that may have been a
mere coincidence.

But the regret with which they parted with Fanny were
more than merely formal. They took her to London, with
Romeo in her chaise, but Maria was too much absorbed
in the painful task of directing Martin's course
to drive up Tollenham Court Road instead of Oxford Street & also ran over
Tongmouth, the Newfoundland, who was travelling
under the body of the Whitbey. Altogether it was an
unfortunate journey. At Oxford, Maria had to
insist that she did not wish to see the college because she
preferred that Martin should go to
be seen in a buggy with a wife, of
whom in old days he had spoke with the gay, the
extravagant Martin Rushton — whose chief Carriage was
a phaeton & four bays." So though he had the
grace to press her, she obdurately refused, & had her
hair dressed, instead, very badly. Off they went again, &
again they ran over another of their dogs, Jude, &
poor Tongmouth once more, & another dog called
Jeremiah, & then when they arrived at the Western,
being the whole house shut up & they were sent away in
Buckinghamshire. It was an unfortunate expedition.
Nor can one feel Maria indeed Indeed, though
it is impossible to resist the conviction that
things after this did worst this unfortunate journey
were with its accidents & its mistakes & its
discomforts, with its troops of dogs, & its fears &
shame & pride & fear, its blow on Maria's
& Martin's pride, & Maria's fears, & her

Lovers with the Western.

without much harness

Land

when

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where Charles to Martin's admired for it

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her recourse to the hair dresser, & her M. Laccam,
& Martin's ~~was, although evidently~~ & Martin,
memory of gay bachelor days, & her resort for the method
order & method of her Werlin's whose servants he ~~paraded~~ out' are all employed
& Marcia's extreme eagerness to please, & ~~her~~ her
~~meeting their last~~ & Martin's dashing, & lovely,
affection, were typical of the obscure years of
married life that were ~~lived~~ succeeded each other
& at Hanbor in Norfolk. ~~At Hanbor~~
They ~~remained~~. They ~~settled in~~. At Hanbor
they lived the lives of country people. They ~~increased their~~
~~improved~~ ~~improved~~ repaired the ancient house. They
planted the garden. They cleared & cut out new
walks in the woods. They bought a cow &
started a dairy. Dogs were added to dogs — rare
dogs, wonderful dogs, Portugal pointers from the
banks of the Dowrow. ~~What~~ Why then, ~~had~~
Marcia ~~regret~~ the And then, to keep up the
Establishment, servants were necessary. They
had nine servants now, & all her time, Marcia
work, was taken up, [what with visitors from Lynn,
who ~~pitied~~ her for living so far from that neat shire
towns, that mere dean of taste' & followed her into
the kitchen & made her very nervous; & then
the visitors went, & the next day the day alone,
for Richter was out from breakfast to dinner '
She had no children 'to fill up my money with'.
But why should she have children. But how far better never to be active like this,
to work nine servants & the cares of life & the
to ('the bothering life' at Tingmouth? Surely
~~to~~ ~~better~~ Marcia continued, hurrying hurriedly on to
fancy an insult, & with the usual incoherency, to
'there are pleasures for every station & employment'
~~I do~~ & one cannot be tried up & as I hope & I

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am acting properly'; & no other touch she did not envy
Fanny Lord Stanhope's Fête Champetre! The Cyph ate the
had her chickens & her lambby yard & her dog kennel.
Tingmouth has had the distemper & takes Dr James'
powders & has to be walked out gently by Maria on
a string; & so why regret Devonshire or Lord
Harleys family?. Why And then,
But also And then, after a time, with the
melancholy & oblivion that always marked her &
the same that after all, Fanny was an old friend &
Could he trusted: was not what ought to be decent, then
to have changed, & she seemed as it in spite of
Dorothea the Dorothea & the bustle & dining
over duty & Lushy after the horse, Maria did
feel sometimes how much after the old days at
Tingmouth with regret. There they kept only a man —
a maid. Here there were nine servants, & the more
there are, the more Cabalby & modest they become.
And then, from relations from Lyme Came over &
proud into her Ketchup, made he more hashful
than ever & pressed her for money. So far from Lyme
that sent for men. That meridian epitaph —
And the had no children, We thank. And then
as Come Martin was 'who is' behind the most
Active Creature alive' never asked her to stay.
Elizabeth hardly with domestic unpleasants. After
sat down to the Tambour for half an hour, he
sprang in & said "Come Maria
& he would say "I know I

And then she would watch him shoot
rooks — grow up tall — & they never Came in
till nine o'clock & when tea in the

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bed time come!

He was not some how a pleasant day. She had no
Children. She was healthy, a Stable always ran. She was
not found to many servants. If ~~seems doubtful~~
~~whether~~ And yet if Martin washed it? Surely
shewas her duty to give way to pushin his wishes.
so. Hope it seemed extravagant to order a phaeton, still
he had set his heart on a phaeton ever since
they were married, & he should have his phaeton,
even if it meant that she must somehow
save. And she suddenly drew in a tremen-
dous breath. But then he did not like her
phaeton. But then he did not liked her
to confirm a little to the manners of the world -
so hope was very perplexing & very difficult.
And at last she began to think of the remotest
year, before they went to Torquay. before
they married. She began to think of their
happy day, before the & what lovely walks /
when a boat & when browning over my letter two, -
Sarah loved dogs and the Church the fine view
she had been quite loved friends from ch. -
She & - was entirely rehearsed - And the
reporter st. And in church and the dogs
& phaeton the thought of Mr Bruce &
Mr den. the wicked that & nine very
family had even pulled his shabby dog
like blood under the pulpit & again
worthy husband, that enough: She had
been very happy with Martin ever: she must
you & do he has: he did so much like her
he took neat & tidy when
he came in from
Thursday

NYPL

15th May 1930

Hazlitt.

Had one met Hazlitt, no doubt one would have liked him, on his own principle that it is well nigh impossible to dislike anybody if you see them in the flesh. But Hazlitt has been dead a hundred years; & we, who know him only through his books, must ~~doubt~~ it confess that they transmit such disagreeables shocks of ~~dislike~~ disagreeableness, along with the that our admiration is perpetually jarred & [illegible] is tangled an that affection ~~Disparage~~ the essays because they were worthless ~~to keep up~~ so ill-conditioned a man.

Only an essayist, & a very expert one at that, could so trouble the ~~base~~ mind of the reader. We never bother what sort of man Mellon was, or Jeffrey was, or or Macaulay was: they lie concealed behind the massive architecture of their works, as ~~if~~ one look to lay behind & it is done in idleness, ~~at~~ & unconsciously ~~besides in the~~ & spontaneous of our hearts. But half an essayist stuck in trade is himself; & the better essayist he is, the more he ~~plays~~ & confuses his words with himself. ~~Oh Hazlitt~~ Hazlitts ~~failings~~ Reticence ~~was not one of~~ ~~~~ essays, & this are of their supreme merits, are the very ~~not~~ a image of himself. He ~~makes no~~ has no reticence: he has no shame. He has ~~no~~ ~~false~~ never ~~feels~~, or compromises. He never ~~washes~~ ~~things~~ up in fine phrases. He ~~speaks~~ his mind freely & fearlessly. He has no charm. He has two little ~~respect~~ for the reader & two little

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desire to conciliate him to ~~towards us~~ us, ~~instinctively~~ ~~conceal~~ or ~~withdraw~~ us
~~from~~ any ~~of~~ that charm which ~~is~~ a more healthily
constituted mind — we ~~cannot~~ ~~a hero~~ ~~is as natural~~
~~as~~ Lamb for example — plays over words,
interweaves with another ~~tissue~~ in ~~his~~ own. ~~That~~
instinctive humour & grace ~~in~~ which ~~is~~ made Lamb
when he wrote, began ~~vibrate~~, & twigh & in sympathy with
the reader as a ~~very~~ sensitive person ~~vibrates~~
directly he ~~takes~~ up his pen, as, ~~in talk, says, sympathy~~ &
the desire ~~to be~~ arena charms & battles. Hazlitt
was ~~not~~ too much of an egotist to take heed of his
company. There he was, condemned by ~~his~~ fate to
write so many pages ~~of~~ upon ~~the~~ ~~text~~ weekly, &
just as he ~~stretched~~ his legs at, at the Southampton
Hotel, & talked, so ~~in~~ on paper he &,
~~without~~ & what he had to do, he did. But he never
pretends that he enjoys his task; or flatters us with the
suspicion that he values our company. ~~Of~~
~~Got we~~ ~~And~~ if that were all, we should have no
cause to complain. ~~For~~ He had after all, a ~~to~~ very
fine mind; he ~~had~~ ~~has~~ a fearless spirit; ~~he had~~ ~~has~~
~~she~~ does not conciliate us, he ~~does~~ takes it for
granted that we can stand ~~with~~, & ~~long~~ thinking,
& hard hitting, & ~~with his~~ ~~sharp~~ being a man of
very fine intellect, we could well do without
the charms & graces of literature. But
alas, ~~the Sphinx~~ ~~has its~~ ~~draws~~ out ~~is~~ an
~~indelible~~ ~~secret~~; ~~a fact~~ ~~but~~ ~~companion~~.
~~does not keep to one~~ Hazlitt would not have
been so jovial an ~~enigma~~ if he had not used it
as all the great ~~enigmas~~ have used it, to
~~Came to~~ & talk about himself. ~~And it~~

worth
What

Broken in
a profound
person below
words.
Charm,
stimulates
& ~~forcibly~~
~~irritates~~ baffles.
~~with~~ in a
perpetual
companionship.

All the
libertin &
Sandown &
Kings - played
in it

NYPL

Then,

How badly life has treated me, he could not help complaining; ~~how~~
what treacherous cowards other men have been; how
honest I am & how courageous in comparison; but
yet I have yet very little to show; here I am alone in an
Inn; no woman will love me; every woman is a
fool; people say I have humbled my pride; but
that is a lie; they write these lies & publish them &
then servants read them & I am afraid to visit
my friends because of the servants; my last mistress
sends me to hell because he had heard me attacked
in the Parliament; I envy no woman lover & ~~no~~ such are the
scholars; I — & ~~those Sots~~
Egotistical moaning & wailing, the peevishness
the pettiness & the hysterics that the envy
Centuries to draw from one of the ~~most~~
ablest, one of the most fearless men. ~~of his time~~
~~And then we cannot help~~ ~~How a~~
thousand holes for the sake of his own reputation
that he did not stick to painting, or live on
peacefully at Wem, watching that great philosophical
work on Human Action &
And then, whether this is to be put to the credit the-
ssay or not, we begin to ~~ask~~, ~~whether~~ ~~we cannot~~
~~it would not be possible to take Hazlitt~~,
~~whether one could not meet Hazlitt &~~ with to
take Hazlitt. We shall only read his essays with
understanding, we can like him. This true
that he has been dead for a century, but given
the conversion the essays, & the life, & the letters
Arnold, let us see whether we cannot meet
Hazlitt as if he were alive; & let us see then
whether that miracle happens which can be truly says
invariably does happen, & ~~we~~ our Century
merge in liking.

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by the characteristic- istic- istics all good essays they contain; by

that this at in the start at any rate very difficult
not to be rebelled by the ~~character which they transmit.~~
~~Like all good essayists, Hazlitt essays are~~
~~Expresses himself in his essays, & he the self~~
theories, of egotism, of weakness, & a vanity & spite
which they ~~reflect~~ transmit." How honest & courageous a man
I am, he complained; & in comparison with other men;
& yet how little I have got by it. Here I am alone in an
inn, drinking cups after cups of very strong tea; but there is
not not a wife to cheer me. Every woman dislikes me.
People say I have pimples on my face, but that is a lie.
I am. My skin is pure & clear. But they
publish these lies in the magazines, & then the
servants read them, & I am afraid to visit my friends
houses because the housemaid & the footman sniggers
at me, & my tailor sends in his bill & allows
no delay because he had heard that I am attacked in
the papers. Fine ladies have no use for scholars; as
for chambermaids, they are worse — such are
the schemers & wantons, the heartless, the shameless &
the spite that the essay continues to draw from one
of the ablest & most fearless of men.

× For Hazlitts essays, & this one & their prime merits
are the very spite & malice ghastly. He has no
reticence & he has no shame.

For Hazlitts essays, & this one & their prime merits
are the very spite & malice ghastly. He has no
reticence & he has no shame.

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It is an experience

TT.2
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Such is the curiously ~~compounded~~ confounded into whose we come to feel, what, according to Hazlitt we feel when we meet somebody in the flesh. "~~It is the mere only that we~~ Read & hate: How ... the man may have something human about him! The notions, in short, we entertain of people at a distance, or from partial representations, or from guess-work, are simple, uncompounded ideas, which answer to nothing in reality: those which we derive from experience are mixed modes, the only true, & in general, the most favourable ones!" ~~To read Hazlitts essays~~ Hazlitts essays then give us the mixed modes, the ~~good~~ the good & bad, the oddities & inconsistencies & weaknesses & strengths of a mind, so that we no longer feel pure dislike or pure reverence ~~for~~ ~~we feel much~~ ~~that is~~ ~~that we have spoken~~ but that much more complex feeling which the actual presence of any other person at once sets in motion. ~~The essays are not~~ Our feelings are not merely literary; we read ~~merely personal~~ ~~for~~ certain ~~to be~~ seem to be reading two or three texts at the same time, & to ~~be~~ ~~cannot help listening~~ ~~to~~ listen to follow with one sense the development & re-emergence of the unhappy ~~late~~ tormented ~~man~~ of his letters while with the other we ~~traverse~~ the follow the working the ~~track of the~~ printed page. ~~printed page.~~ statement on the printed page.

And

~~He had not wished to be an engineer. He~~ He would have liked to be a thinker, & to write a plain dry style without ornament or emphasis. Yet while he would have liked to be a painter; &

b. 10th April 1778.
m. 1st May 1808

Life 25 Love to read

Haydon's life was much influenced by the fact that he had wished to be a painter. There was something in that remote quiet art that offered him a refuge. He noted how healthy the old age of painters is; & how happy the life whispering which draws one out of doors to sit among trees looking quietly at the slow changes & lights & shadows of the sky. At the same time, his mind craved something that no paint brush could give, ~~has~~ ~~& he pictures under~~ — 'to be satisfied for the reason of things'. When he was about fourteen he heard his father the Plymouth, dispute with an old lady of the congregation as they were coming out of meeting about the limits of religious toleration, & that set him off "forming in my head ... the following system of political rights & general jurisprudence."

~~& that he read~~ ~~he thought he was a~~ ~~The~~
~~also two faculties~~ ~~And indeed the~~ ~~Perhaps the~~
~~he~~ ~~how he~~ To be a thinker & express in the
planet, most severe of terms 'the reason of things';
to be a painter & dream of nothing but
crimsons & violets, & breathe fresh air, & live in
harmony & the senses — these were two very
different faculties; & unfortunately for his
own peace of mind, he had a strong ~~psychical~~ faculty for both.
Then he spent the years from 15 to 17 in ~~studying~~ the
both ~~dreams~~. sides: ~~he copied~~ ~~with feat and~~
~~pictures after pictures in the Louvre, & wrote~~
~~he painted~~; he painted with passion. He ~~had~~
~~remembrances of things, & would sit for whole~~
His spare weeks over and he read; He had numberless
letters. He looked ludicrously at the old woman in
a bonnet, labouring day after day to make a head
like a Rembrandt, & then in the end, breaks, he

most diverse factors:

NYPL

despair & cut the canvas into ribbons. At the same time he
was writing that "Essay on the Principles of Human Action"
which he preferred to all his other works. It dropped
dead born from the press" of course; but still there
he had walked solemnly & freely, with flatterers, not
to please the public, certainly not to make money,
but as he pleased, to gratify the urgency of his own desires.
But his book dropped dead born from the press: his pictures
which none were hung in the Academy, did not please
himself. To be a second rate artist was intolerable.
Slowly he relinquished his dearest ambitions. And the
the silent rage & regret burned through his days.
He was a man of divided tastes: he was a man of
thwarted ambitions: he was a man ~~who~~ to whom
to whom whom were stamped, indelibly, all the
scenes of youth, all the feelings of youth, the
fair Marylebone Gardens, Jonquils. Blue hills,
the things he had seen when he was still happy —
free & ambitious; this & the books he read then —
the Rousseau, the Burke, the that he
returns. For he ~~gave up reading~~ never
read much afterwards, for pleasure. Life became
largely a matter of learning new turns of coining
phrases, for he & unfortunately writing that
very bad manager, his wife, Miss Woodard with
Enough to keep house on.
As his essays took never & sapped, or rather make plain
for nothing now & the latter Amoris still plainer,
the marriage was not a happy one.

Something remains
unwritten: his
remarkable: his
profound: work
spirit.

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Jack Yellow Jeans
nameless & shameless
& harassments
in the press of
Lords or Ladies

Scenes from what
fame — how he
came to an Inn,
& they gave him
coffee in a
delirium —
& how he met
Coleridge —
awakened
into him —
new light upon
his whole work
the miraculous
beauty of
fragments that have
need no sustain.

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He married & the fifth came He married, & his wife was not
house keeper. It became a necessity no longer to dream
& put things down as directly & now plainly as possible. She must
pick & dress point her phrases so that they to tick
caught the public ear; & he was soon launched to the
trade that was to last his life & became a prosperous clerk,
settled in London, & became a journalist & the
mantelpiece of the house in York Street was soon
seen called over with ideas for articles. It was not a
tidy house.)

He met Miss Sarah Stoddart. He admired her mind;
who had always was not admired the outer form of the other sex,
& indeed been deemed shy said in a northern pond for
her portrait of an enchanting Blacksmiths daughter,
was unfortunately alive too to the charms of the mind.
Miss Stoddart was wrote well & talked well; she was
a great walker, & so gain independent temper &
charged pleased Hazlitt when he met her at the Lambs by the
common sense with which she bridled Mary the kettle,
found the kettle & boiled it, when Mary was to Mary
assassinate. when Mary dallied. But Mary was annoyed.
People were annoyed too when Mr Hazlitt paid a call
dressing wet to pay a call in having gone to see a walking match in
a downpour, dressed in their muslin & their Sunday
Shoes & a hat with a white feather. & walking sided was
a passion with her; & whereas Mr But & the domestic
talents she had none. Hazlitt soon found that her
little property was insufficient, & he became necessary to
Give up a country life & to & reside & comfortable
Hampstead, in long brooding over abstract & unprofitable
matter that he loved. He must learn to write
what caught the public ear; he must think & print his
phrases so that they caught the public ear. He
who attracted the indolent mind of the reader. They set up house in
mind of the newspaper

Ment. mendacity delayed

Who lived in Bagnwale

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She was fond of fancy &

had (doubtless of all sorts in fact)

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York Street, where Milton had lived, & wore the old mantelpiece
was ~~for~~ pencilled over with ideas for essays. Were not a
tidy home. There was very little to eat. Hayden complained,
upstairs, although the servants kept high festival below.
Hazlitt hated conventional ways ~~& took to his wife did~~
& regular hours, & society & formality, & it might have been
a happy home, only his wife ~~had healed the~~
had possessed those ~~talents for~~ wrath those humble qualities
which her neighbour Mrs poor crazy Mary Lamb for
Example had in perfection; ~~the~~ homeliness, & kindness, &
boundless devotion. ~~to~~ On the contrary, Sarah
Hazlitt had no delusions about her husband.
"He said I had always despised him & his abilities." She
wrote in her diary when they had determined to separate,
& ~~he~~ free at last from the encumbrance of home &
husband, set off alone on foot to tramp the highlands.
Domestic habbiness therefore did not heal the wounds &
divisions of Hazlitts ~~unhappy tormented~~ nature.
He became a man of ~~suspicions~~ & disabilities. ~~Always~~
~~Careless of appearance, he~~ He ~~was~~ shaved ~~only~~ with ~~all~~
his friends - for no reason, & ~~for days~~ for days became
he suspected ~~that they had~~ them of spies or plots.
His manner assumed ~~his~~ ~~the~~ unlucky ~~& this mind.~~
~~He above looked anybody straight in the eye.~~ He
~~He shrunk to his seat, dread Carelessly~~, & even
many rooms he used to visit struck became the
servants laughed at him; ~~& soon at an Inn~~ where he
last of his was prevented when to come out, he shrunk to
his seat, ~~steadily~~ without looking anybody in the face. &
work hands ~~& of the wood~~ like a fish. &
He called everybody "Sir" even his own son, &
became so slovenly & inept in the trade of dress
that even when he mounted the platform to lecture

magnified Negro or

shuffled sideways,

Male boys are
required to be
blue coats.

NYPD

at Lamb. I
Sample. a
late attempt in
the Jonathan Wild
vein.

Patmore. 2.
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he clutched up his knee breeches continually in a very distressing manner, for they kept slipping over his hips through the want of braces, & disclosing bits of shirt! Yet this strange figure, owned he, in certain candlelight, a man of marked beauty; a very ~~brilliant~~ & racy ~~a racy~~ vein & manner talker; ~~a man~~ no cross & ill-framed Egotist, but a sympathetic & ; or & romantic, sometimes when he was happiest, at Winterslow, at the hut, he would sink into a Calm so sweet & serene that one did not like to interrupt.'

Irrelevant as all this might be in the reading a book ~~we cannot reach~~ it is ~~reading as Shakespeare Hamlet~~ are not irrelevant in reading an Essayist; ~~the~~ His likes & dislikes. Lightness, taste, wife, habitudes, Clothes, features, hands. (& all the paraphernalia of personality are rubbed into the texture of his work. We ~~know all this without reading this biographer~~ But in Hamlet the

If Hamlet had been as complete an essayist as Montaigne or Lamb or even Addyson, we should have been merely less conscious of ~~his~~ all these qualifications & personalities. We ~~whatever knew of these great writers we know~~ ~~their~~ scarcely separate ~~these great~~ writers from their work. An essay is a complete avowal; & ~~whose~~ feel begin & finish ~~ends~~ temperament & art blend into each other so completely ~~Completely Heart~~ ~~with such completeness that~~ ~~Completely Heart~~ that we could not tell where to stop & analyse one from the other would be like taking in carving knife to a peach & separating skin & flesh & stone. But with Hamlet this different. We never reached their perfection a unity because his ~~was never wholly~~ he was a divided & imperfect creator. ~~There~~ ~~that~~ ~~are~~ two strains in his essays, ~~the~~ ~~personal & the~~

To dwell upon this lower and less irrelevant how drawn in The knowledge as we read this great ~~great~~ man

Here is something

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Perhaps this that the artist & the Chamber were always at war within him

terminat, ~~& they never succeed for long in making a match yet.~~
of reason & imagination never succeed in making a match of it. ~~The~~
~~take a subject~~ The subjects that attract to him are for
the most part of an abstract nature. ~~His~~ The titles of his
essays where Lamb writes of ~~something~~ some particular
place like Mackery End or person like ~~of~~ the Benchers
of the Inner Temple Hazlitt writes of an abstract idea
like Envy or Egotism or Reason & Imagination.
He has all the subtlety & analytic power of a
thinker. His mind is admirable in ~~its~~ the keenness of its
Edge & the precision of its stroke. ~~He takes his~~
~~facts from his ideas~~ & Ideas are ~~real~~ ~~his~~ Ideas are
realities to him ~~He has~~ They have formed in him, as
grown in him been familiar to him all his life - He
has felt them & turned them over in a thousand
solitary walks & long evenings alone in Inns. When he
comes to write, there is something solid to be written about
Even ~~his~~ ~~head~~ his abstractions are as hard as ~~an~~
~~angular as~~ stone. ~~And~~ ~~Give him~~ Let him
take the most threadbare abstraction such as "Hot &
Cold" & he will think it out, ~~into such~~ ~~boldness~~ &
~~acuteness~~ & ~~look~~ into its ~~a~~ & then warm & heat,
~~like~~ & ~~a~~ ~~if it were a fastness~~ & ~~took it by violence~~
as as if it were a mountain road, it the ardent
both difficult & inspiring.
& ~~analytic~~ & ~~Scholar like energy~~ ~~for~~ So far as thinking goes
~~as~~ Compared with him is as a Lamb is a Compared
with this athletic prizer working, Lamb is ~~as~~
seem to be a mere butterfly Coursing
capriciously among roses & clematis & lilies
for no reason in the world as the Lamb can.

His mind is like a cave in which Stalactites have formed. Drop by drop

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Every volume in Hazlitt knocks another nail in the head.
Carries us on. As for the colours & shades of what he calls
fine writing he has neither time nor taste. The great thing
is to hunt your argument to its end &
then to have done with writing; which is
as he makes no concealment the chief delight in writing.
The artist envy is done: it has been done as well as he knows
how: nothing will persuade him ever to look at it again.
What is Hazlitt the thinker, & Hazlitt the thinker is
a man hardly to be praised too highly.
He is strong: he is clear; he
Even it, as well as he knows
clearly as it can be said, & with enough of
yet brilliantly too, into the readers of newspapers
are a dull-eyed race who must be dazzled in order to
make them see.

But then there is Hazlitt the artist: the sensuous &
emotional man, with his keen sense of colour, his
sense of touch, & all those other unestablished which
Arnold the reason & make it seem quite futile
enough to spend one time thinking into
things up fine work in the intellect when they
wear as come upon
words bodily in the body, into, understand,
many-coloured the beauty of the body; its
warmth, its life, its colour.
And then, ceasing to reason, to paint,
the body is so round, so warm, so day rich
with all the colours & to know, by reason & thought, reason about to put the
Joan & woodland.
analysis are poor substitutes for sensation:

The last word
on the world
on the body
clear head in the
have that:

as the
marriage
what he
wants they

But if he is not a perfect
Creeper he is very
Keen Contemplator
The sharpness of his mind
One thing sharpens another.
The knowledge the mind is
very limited comprehend more
Mathesis. It was violent
had made us he need when he
was 16 – NYPL
As a rule he had read very little –
no form – no But what
Graph. what authority
His characters are always
whom jesticulate – Caustic –
perhaps he but is when he was
appear such times – The
reverie – His here just rate –
the body stimulated intensity
the mind working interests –
What sense of joy & power –

the pen which has strolled so surely & triumphantly from
trick to freak of reason, stumbles & stutters when it
comes when a village girl fetching water from a well.
Hence the flaw in so many otherwise essays. They set out to
convince the reason; & they the finer feeling of
unconclusiveness in so many of Hazlitts essays. We have
been Effect a proof, & we are given a picture. We
are about to set feet when the solid rock of Q.E.D: ^
behold it is a quagmire & there we are knee deep in
mud & flowers & water. The perfect essayists take us
from such Hazlitt was half philosopher, half painter.

The perfect essayists - how that rare degree of control which comes
from perfect balance within Lamb when tells us
have struck a happy are equally pure & simple; &
whatever Montaigne writes as Lamb seems to come
those. They conceive persuade us that & Montaigne
& Lamb please make us feel that to write an essay is
for them come to them as naturally as breathing;
as it is a natural function of the
mind, as breathing is of the body; often Labiched, half-conscious, &
when the mind is in perfect health, sweet & sound &
easy, & a little unperceived at the same time
they do not know how they work, any more than how they
breathe. There is the same kind of magic in the
sentences that there is in poetry.

But the very negligence of Hazlitts style makes at a
make him for all that his imperfection
but perpetually interesting & stimulating. He
for the very reason, perhaps, that he felt himself
a little hampered by this essay writing he never
thinks that drudgery or takes refuge as he

Hazlitt

Lamb

Montaigne

Hazlitt

seems always to be on the stretch, always to be over the ships & the spars.

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he never let himself

at the last to pay moments when

the page is crammed &

writes to nothing is decisive work

drag for himself in the dark of his own mind.

that does not produce work

had not that the care which comes of perfect mastery & control, he never marked his undertaking. the never lets his mind run, loop, & trusted to the power of phrases to carry him on. The standard of wherever we open, even when it is somewhat plain that the writing was task work to be done to order up to time, the amount of thought, the deliberacy & we find him fastening on his mind to the getting to the bottom of the subject, thinking it out, & giving us something to consider, even if it is something dry, & to be ourselves thinking about, the however dry & even pitiful something dry, colourless, & unattractive. The amount of thinking that has been The amount of thought that he has had when Nothing is ever taken for granted or written from mere top whatever the subject this subject may whether he is writing about good nature or pedantry or acting as why distant objects he pleases he finds his own for her to view objects in written conventionally. He has always thought about the matter, or own on the matter, indeed, when we matter, closely & independently. Indeed the number of ideas he has analysed & debated & is without making them the standard is extraordinarily high. If we read To read Every essay is stored with thought; There is not one that does not give us the idea make us about the man who has something that has not occurred acute, & acute reflection, if sudden That does not merely make a flash of wisdom, of insight, of but suggest us with a habit of thought, of judgment & understanding. What he has given us the record he has advanced with extraordinary distinction. that makes up for its lack of narrowness. It is true that, compared with Montaigne, he has not very often as the world, & from a peculiar vein very little he has seen with extreme penetration, acute, but that little

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in front at last.

& ~~with~~ a Calvinistic temper that ~~does~~ ~~makes amends~~ ~~does instead~~ ~~makes amends for the does instead of the~~ makes up for the lack of breadth & sympathy ~~this would~~ (He seems to dart his eye, ~~with dislike~~ & to use a character & redewegs, as you do not in a spasm of dislike; ~~There is no mellowness, no~~ ~~human sense of that~~ but the flash is very clear. He has ~~none of that~~ ~~made up his mind when~~ ~~everything & is~~ sung He has no doubt & no hesitation. ~~He has made up his mind when he was sixteen this~~ ~~The temper which~~ His very intolerance gives him

Illness a seductive energy like the flicker of an adder tongue. Were not for him to brood & wonder; to consider curiously the new steps which a fanciful soul; to shun wide the doors of experience, to go ~~hand to hand~~ verbosely & perhaps egotistically

away in Selsea

about & take new experience & reluctant to shut the door when any conscience, or any ~~other~~ to it. Draw the blinds upon any horizon like Montaigne. He had made up his mind when he was sixteen. He had come by his convictions when he was a boy & they were unalterable. He was not for him to play round a figure like Lamb, with sympathy & a perpetual credence of Kindness & laughter, & fabulous fancy, indulgent in fantastic reverie & mathematics, & loathing the old dogs, the figure of this old woman a that old book or that old Benches in the Inns of Court & Montaigne affects & contemplation & enemy of mockery. Life was for two reasons for them. His convictions were for two extreme. He seems to dart his eye upon a figure redewegs as you do not in a spasm of contempt & hatred. He

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had suffered too much & thought too much to find
have delight or a vivid amusement in the theatre of
human life: His disillusionment had been bitter.
He had been 'the duke of friendship & the fool of love':
His But the egoism which makes everything centre round
William Hazlitt had its compensations. He gives the
colour & flavour to his essays. He is one of the
critics who can afford to dispense with reading. When
he says casually that Hobbes not matter that he
has read very little, & hardly ~~at all~~ a book to
through since he was thirty. His approach is whatever
ay value. — when he The instrument of a strong mind, &
His play. We feel that literature

radical
a writer

NYPL

~~What~~ that is chiefly stimulated; & the mind that is illuminated.

The mind, that interests him; he loves to analyse & take some common ~~obser~~ he is highly ~~after~~ has seen a novelist he would have been among the analysts & psychologists. He loves to take some curious trait ~~task of our Characteristic as you~~ & trace it over mentality — that sounds & smells & sometimes tastes are remembered longer than visible objects for example, & to seek out the reason. X As we read him we become an inmate of the mind, ~~walked in with~~ & find & the ~~the~~ X He ~~finds in the~~ finds in each hunting down the reasons of things; & ~~has a memory~~ the drawers of his memory are stocked with illustrations & arguments. As ~~we read him the~~ The prevailing As we read him we become an inmate of the mind; ~~the light is a little grey, the~~ rather than of the world. concentrated & cloistered, looking out the window sometimes but for the most part indoors. Compared with the other essayists he has seen very little of the world. It was not his way to open wide the doors on all experience, like Montaigne, & go urbanely among his fellow mortals, regarding nothing, tolerating everything, watching ~~& sometimes~~ with ironic & gentle irony & detachment. the play of the comic ~~irony & detachment~~ His On the contrary his mind had ~~my~~ ~~his~~ ~~his~~ that tight when he was young; he clung to his original convictions ~~to~~ with ~~with~~ tenacity. Nor was it for him to play round the figures of his friends with sympathy & humour, like Lamb, bathing old days old memories old customs in ~~by~~ the

for common sayings or curious facts;

holds to them as

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fore light & indulgent in fantastic reverent & tabulous inventions.
Life had been too painful & too humiliating. It had
inflicted too many wounds on his self-love. He bore it no
Grudge & viewed it with rancour. ~~His character shutters~~
Then she sees a man who ~~endeavours to a charm of~~
with a sidelong glance, in a ~~charm of~~ flash, caricatures
for the most part, ~~& incorrectly~~, in the light of reason
rather than of love. [The same qualities & drawbacks are his as a critic.] He is fettered by his
Egotism & by his conviction, in one place & one time & one
being. ~~He~~ We can never forget that ~~he~~ is ~~this~~ place.
Early England, & ~~Early in~~ the ~~time~~ early in the nineteenth
Century; ~~or~~ The ~~French Revolution has pictured us~~
~~fashion;~~ & ~~The~~ ~~the poet is the~~ He ~~brings about us~~
~~his~~ he has an extraordinary power of making us
Contemporary with himself. The same qualities & drawbacks are his as a critic. He is one of those ~~few~~
Critics rare & admirable critics who ~~can disturb~~
~~us~~ ~~much them~~
while reading. ~~He our~~ ~~are so~~ themselves
~~entirely themselves~~ ~~married in~~ ~~entirely~~
~~that they can disturb us while reading~~. It
matters very little that Hazlitt had read no Donne;
that he found Shakespeare. Sonnets unintelligible;
that he could never read a book though after he was
thirty & came indeed to ~~get~~ dislike reading altogether
nevertheless, he is one of the few critics who ~~make~~
that our affiliate to books. What he likes he
likes with fervour. What he reads he reads — ~~his~~ favourably
~~take reading was a real experience.~~ ~~He~~
~~Books~~ ~~were had been~~
with gusto. ~~It had got, at one time,~~ Once reading
to ~~him~~ had ~~was~~ been to him a kind of love, there is. Even after

~~or in the realm of~~
~~External~~
~~light of~~
realm of
reason or in
this

~~we even~~
feel ourselves
at in Bradenham
Inn; or at
Winterslow,
~~with~~ hating us
on the
Coward.

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which is better from an Essay

Even in his most presumptuous intercourse with books, something indescribably familiarity & strength is the handing which at last tastes subtlety & has savour & gives them a shake, as Shakes cast us on a plateau & turns. gives us, suddenly, bravely, in a phrase, almost in a face & voice, the gaze & the thing. The shape, as a talker, unconsciously, might [illegible] drop a hint, convey an essence — rather than he never at pains to elaborate. when he talks about the book. Now & then, he does much more. Sometimes, when the mood is on him, & the time is favourable, at Winterslow for example, with a bright fire & three good hours before dinner, he sets and relaxes, & then, for a page or two, we hear Hazlitt talk as Lamb heard him; then he is the finest & rarest the best of companions.

[illegible] Where he ceases to be the analyst, always reader to reach his conversation, he

There were times when Hazlitt doubt, tormented, feared to be divided, forgot his injuries, & feared to be insulted. There were times when all he neither hated nor despised; when his mind feared to gnaw & his them & his

In order to reach this he regains conversation, he had to feel humbly at ease. Perhaps Whether a fine day had put him in a good mood, or a long walk had tuned his mind to the pitch where it worked smoothly. readily, & with smoothness. swiftly. without exertion, gets operation. Then there was no task to him to take his pen & his great heart. Indeed he wrote page after page

which is better from an Essay

or he gains a fever

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without correction, without hesitation. The pen flew rapidly over the
sheets of the beautiful manuscript, which there was then no occasion
to alter, as a leaf is sometimes when it runs faulty. Then he described how he first met
Coleridge; how he first read the La Nouvelle Heloise: how
as a boy he had floated in a garden, in a trunk, in
the moat at Wem. All his recollections then crowded
together. There is the thought in Romeo & Juliet, &
the eyes are taken to delight in colour. The
whole busy scene in movement, as the air is
as fresh on our cheeks as the [illegible]
thoughts are bright in our minds. Sentence
follows sentence with the healthy ring & chime of a
blacksmith's hammer on the anvil. This we
feel is to write - this is to live. Then the flow
fades gently away & we break off abruptly
[illegible]. Hazlitt had such moments of
intense happiness: And so, when he came to die,
aged before his time, grey, & worn out, & hodging as
usual in a hired room, somewhere off the
Tottenham Court Road, his last words were "I've had a happy
life!" [illegible] with pride.

with the old prophecy but with the old [illegible].

Dowden

Carlyle

he owned
Communicate
them.

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It looks so simple. It

It draws him he keeps the chance to talk

he talks today & hears both his grievances &

Can scarcely avoid some feeling of plain dislike. The essay is a very mediocre medicine unless the essayist has himself under complete control, so that he says no more than he wishes & has the interest of the form distracts his personality of the is interesting in an impersonal way the attempt to talk of merely makes one feel sorry, or Chance to talk of merely is he comes out with things that had better have been left unsaid. Its grumbles & Complaints. Its words of his Notes & grievances. Its Its sentimentalities & vague. unchants his Confessions. & the song fragments, it all with those odd the Exaggerations & distortions which to be words & the written word. so that the people we For all writes to us all living people it is only the writers that we hate. simply because the essay allows us to And get, unlike writing, divorced from reality in the word the voice & the expression the face, invariably distorts. Its forgets that what the image he is making will is far worse than the original. Its forgets the arrows last that again which (that we/ hate writers, but seldom dislike men. Temperament there is half the battle in writing essays. The whole sensibility is coloured & comes in to play, not merely the intellect. Montaigne so called by balance of his temperament. The great essayists have been possessed very sensitive, responsive to the form the to their finger tips, & And Hazlitt who had no where the writer is not isolating himself concentrating upon one thing, or hurting on any purpose, but having whose star is pure importance. that he should be himself.

no Mechanics & no aerials, but a pretty house by taking out

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In many ways

And if Hazlitt had some of the irritable gifts, he had great drawbacks. He was

like Hazlitt's enemy - a man of the same merits — and the very same faults. He had no coherence: he had no shame. He thinks out what is in his mind without fear or favour. He is And as pale men, he had the most intense contempt for his own opinions,

to know have a keen sense of his self-centred, quarrelsome being, suffering from a keen sense of his own merits & the little justice that has been done him.

And yet the essay brings this contemptible Hazlitt vividly & independently, takes no thought of the impression you make, or of the underscuthing of the comment. & they you break up that by degrees in writing comes to work takes on the quality of talk. We hear the tone of voice. We imagine the change of expression. And in consequence Hazlitt fades & turns to formality. . . .

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An introductory letter to Margaret Ll. Davies

May 1930

~~Dear Miss Davies~~ ....

... When you asked me to write a preface to ~~these~~ this book I replied that I would rather be drowned many fathoms deep than write a preface to any book. ~~They~~ Should stand on their own feet, my argument was: if they need propping up, by a preface here, an introduction there, ~~the whole lot~~ of introductions they have no more right to exist than a ~~three legged~~ table chair or a ~~table~~ with ~~case~~ saucepan with a hole in the bottom.

And then, turning over the pages which you had sent me, I saw that the argument was inapplicable, because this book is not a book. ~~These papers written by~~ ~~women about them~~ ~~are not literature.~~

The Turning over the pages ~~in wh. these women talk of~~ I have in ~~about these worthy women talk of~~ these ~~books~~ my mind began to wander, as it would ~~began to~~ not have wandered ~~had the works been~~ had the book been a book. ~~in~~ I had a book. It may be that this is a pleasant do not make it wander. ~~Be~~ I was like Charles Lamb, that there is some quality in these fragmentary pages which suggests & stimulates & brings to the eye unexplored regions, & ~~ideas~~ to the brain ideas which ~~we~~ not are not yet formulated; ~~& I think these things~~ & ~~a fact; & a fact that does not~~ & yet, this is done ~~& not~~ & yet ~~before~~ as a whole does it,

~~Rather~~ who needs wedging with a wad to be supported by newspapers, or a damsel who must be stuffed with a cloth to keep her waist in.

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but almost accidentally, as if the writer, being entered to, pen & ink, had? what probably had it then, so to suggest a stimulant. ~~I asked myself~~

And Instead of writing a preface then, I wrote ~~a letter to~~ ~~by way~~ ~~in which~~ I ~~[illegible]~~ upon the

And why was it not a book? And what impression did it make on me? Instead of writing a preface I took a sheet of notepaper & wrote, ~~not to the public, but~~ ~~in a letter which~~ is to you, ~~my mother~~ ~~but to~~ you, ~~the following~~ ~~which I tried to describe~~ ~~for the following letter~~; ~~which~~ to you:

You have probably forgotten, [I wrote] a hot spring morning in Manchester in the year 1913, or at least you will not remember what I remember because you were otherwise engaged. Your attention was entirely absorbed by a green table several sheets of paper & a bell. ~~[illegible]~~ On your right hand sat a woman wearing a chain of office; on your left sat other women, & ~~you were faced a very large hall~~ the row of you, with tables ~~inkpots~~ & inkpots & ~~[illegible]~~ bottles & pots of flowers & glasses of water sat ~~a little~~ raised above the rest of us, ~~semi-circular~~, ~~on a platform~~. who were gathered, row behind row, ~~on the~~ ~~floor of~~ a vast municipal building ~~of some vast~~ hung with a variety of highly decorated banners. But your ~~[illegible]~~ a fancy, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~pulpit of some vast~~: must after looking intently at the sheet of paper which summons, ~~I think you must~~ someone must have touched the bell; for at once instantly a figure rose from ~~among~~ us, mounted a raised ~~[illegible]~~ stand raised ~~[illegible]~~ to midway & spoke ~~till~~ ~~after you touched the bell; when~~, for five minutes precisely. & descended. ~~As she~~ No sooner had she sat down than a second rose; spoke, descended; then a third rose; then a fourth — the painful process went on, without

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pause without haste, thereafter following thereafter, this
the heart now from the back from the left, from the right, from all
fearless from every quarter of the globe. making
her way to the butchers, or delivering her open hands, a stabbing,
sometimes in the middle a violence: if the bell
began what the head to say a stabbing, sometimes in the middle of the a
Reaction. sometimes a violence of the decree of the bell.
Now as if Each had a volley had a something to throw at us;
her shot at a target; as if Each had a something called
something to shoot at us; Now as if, the bell Each
Each was shot up for a moment to fire her shot, as if the
bullets were audience was an army, a bullet to each of whom we
would have the chance of giving off a round of shot; for this
Missiles reason at hitting some target, a vain. Sometimes the
but it, a There was a war of applause; something the mind,
There was targets: sometimes the sound anger or disagreement.
But the shots discharged the head stopped some bodies the legs.
perhaps or nobody but the never, I think, but what
was strange was that the never stood her five minutes in
in idle eloquence. She came up from the ranks
primed with her subject; her with resolution or
Concentration stamped upon her face. The head bore, as bold,
boarding up for the attack. for delineation
so resolute was stamped upon her face. The head
There was so much to be said between the stroke of the bell.
The had been cut off The moment had come
for which the head been waiting, these many months perhaps.
The head The moment had come for which the head
stood bareheaded but, there, neat a new dress, touched
among by shade a different novelty in Eve. There was a difference.
But above all, the
The moment had come when she was going to

Her heart

In either case, neither,

evident effort

Day Jewels.

What the Ed. not want — seconds

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to create her mind, the mind of her constituency, the mind that had sent her on an errand to Manchester. At that time (1913) the mind of the working women was in a ~~a~~ state ~~still~~ that had urged her on, to Manchester, ~~to~~ from Cornwall or Surrey, or some remote hamlet in the Yorkshire Moors.

The mind of the women, at that time was hovering in a dazed state; there was in a curious state like that of a beast which has not found its body. Like over England, in factory, village, farm or town homes they were ~~thinking~~ but ~~not~~ body with which to ~~act~~ The mind was It might think a thought a wish a plan or act it even when actively at work; but how to give effect to that thinking but when it came to giving effect to it came by her ideas or wishes, then it had to then it ~~was that~~ it must lodge itself, parasitically in the body of another, & implore that other to work legs & arms on its behalf; for its own body was a phantom. ~~has not to~~ They were. There was not a woman in that hall who had a vote. There were were not barristers, Stock brokers, members of Parliament, Could enforce her opinion in the There were no rules for women at that time. Nor, save for the honorary called ancient Mistresses of mother & wife & one or two all had they were any of profession & then to them. Therefore, as one listened to speaker after speaker, ~~was bound~~ ~~perhaps was a little~~ inclined to ~~wander~~. it ~~seemed~~ perhaps a waste Duration ~~seemed~~ seemed perhaps a waste of time — or rather an Gratuitous exercise — a — like ~~to~~ taking aim at many ~~a~~ mark. They were demanding reforms. Black Cattride What were they talking about? Divorce. Taxation? Land values. Minimum wages. — The mind of ward which had sent them to ~~the~~ They were organizing & demanding & putting ask questions that

came by her a perfect —

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They were
must come before Parliament, must be decided by men. What then was
the use of bringing merely a new hat & having up for a Railway
ticket a passing call meant
They were demanding all sorts of reforms, & were having
largely all sorts of resolutions. Yet all
Parliament all Englis dull out at the open windows;
become hoarse the clamour. The days was as a mad
mix into the round of the traffic in the streets; &
was, when the be forgotten. What did it matter if
Lords passed it amendment to reform them? & if
the Accomplish Branch carried it resolution
unanimously! At that moment It did not
matter. at that moment An elderly woman was
mounted the workmen, & tried to Speaking,
& in my depressed with these thoughts & rather blank of
mind, I did not heard what mild woman, who so dearly cherished
allusion. plan she had at heart for the improvement of the working
classes. As that came to me in a stream, the
words worked into my mind as I heard it was taken a refrain,
until "We can wait." The repeated the twice
the words perhaps, without any oratorical intention. The
crowd hummed with the words, "We can wait" The
repeated, & got down, rather heavily, & made her way
back to her seat— an elderly woman in her best dress,

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wh. was spread over all the Speech-
It soon became obvious that the mind was at work with
great activity. It was thinking about the reform of the
divorce laws; the Taxation of Land Values; & the
Minimum wage. It was concerned with the care for
maternity, the Trade Board act, & the education of
children over fourteen. It was also of opinion that
Adult suffrage should become a government measure —
There were not the slightest doubt that of was
about all the things that parties — It was thinking, in short,
about everything —
& it was thinking constructively & imaginatively.
Accordingly did not see eye to eye with Halifax; nor
Middlesborough with Plymouth. There was
discussion & argument: & resolutions were passed &
amendments were ~~proposed~~ lost. ~~& indeed~~
Hands that up, & were firmly held down. ~~Speaker~~
~~after speaker mounted her platform & left~~
1930 ~~Meanwhile,~~ ~~It was~~ And in the midst of this
1913 Meanwhile, & Speaker followed Speaker.
18 ~~Meanwhile, was that to be Union~~ when the meeting
The Meanwhile, though there inevitably to follow do
if I am to be brief, I say, getting on to the platform,
with all due instructed,
~~Meanwhile, the mind a record, with which you are not~~
And yet (let me try, after 18 years, to see you together
the thought which passed through the mind of the
Your guests, & those middle class people who had come
to listen, (I say, curiously) not to take part, but to listen) —
Come from Leader & elsewhere & yet what was it about? & those
What was the meaning of it? They were arguing

NYPL

~~How the divorce laws needed reform.~~ ~~He~~ Mrs Jones of Barnsley, shall we say, was demanding the Reform the divorce laws. Mrs Th. Johnson of Hebden Bridge was ~~pleading~~ ~~pressing good reasons why she should~~ ~~advocating~~ the ~~Hon~~ ~~Nothing of the Board~~ of demanding ~~how~~ ~~should have~~ a higher wages. Mrs Smith of Gloucester ~~urged her~~ ~~was able to~~ ~~was urging that the Minister for Labour~~ — was demanding Education — ~~You are not~~. The question was not one that could have occurred to you. You, ~~your~~ hers, sealed up there, living so entirely, ~~making~~ ~~rules~~ ~~known~~ able to Evidently to ~~say exactly~~ what had ~~the vote had given~~ Exactly whatever happens, ~~did not know the~~ could not pass at ~~the~~ ~~dead~~ weight ~~of ignorance~~, of ~~uncertainty~~ a Discomfort ~~settled~~ was settling or rather shifting slowly uneasily from side to side ~~in the mind~~ of your visitors. minds. Divorce, Education, the vote ~~The trouble was this~~ Nothing is more distressing than to

They were demanding divorce, education, a vote. — all good things. They were demanding ~~more~~ higher wages & less work — ~~they were demanding~~ what could be more reasonable? ~~But they were putting into those demands a~~ ~~At the same time one knew~~ ~~And they were crying the~~ ~~Demands very~~ reasonable ~~so much so~~ And yet, ~~there was~~ ~~Might~~ ~~could~~ shown all so reasonable ~~so much so~~ more, a weight of discomfort was settling & rather shifting slowly uneasily from side to side on your visitors minds. ~~One they were confronted~~ ~~All these things~~ (~~whatever they were at the bottom of it~~) do not ~~touch me one~~ which matter so intensely to the majority of the people here, — (~~whatever this was at the bottom of it~~) ~~Then pushing up~~ Manchester, Education — upon — ~~This seemed to~~ an ~~often~~ shelter a another Year at Home or Egypt ~~have~~ ~~intend~~ of ~~here~~ here in a week — ~~do~~ leave me, fortunately, untouched.

~~Still~~ ~~How~~ ~~this~~ ~~that~~ matter so in

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If all the reforms they demand were passed tomorrow, ~~my life would be precisely a tri~~ it would not make a jot to me. Hence my interest is merely philanthropic. ~~And since my [illegible]~~ It is very thin spread & moon coloured. There is no life blood - cursing about it. How can [illegible] sit here. However hard I clasp my hands there is an element of fraud in me. And then my reason could not help reminding me (this was 1913 remember) that even if ~~the whole~~ according to the agenda that resolution & ~~the~~ seven carried ~~unanimously~~, ~~still~~ still. ~~There~~ what [illegible] ~~there was not a vote among~~ us. All this [illegible] arguing, all this thinking, my reason told me, was ~~a waste of time~~, a [illegible] exercise, like taking careful aim with only blank cartridges in one's rifle - Amendments, resolutions, that pass out at the open window & become part of the clamour of the lorries & drays in the street - ~~For though the mind may think, it is a mind without a body~~. The mind was without a body. There was nothing to enforce its will. Therefore Not a single ~~woman~~ vote in the hall; ~~[illegible]~~ in that vast hall possessed a vote. Why then all this ~~[illegible]~~ ~~there still [illegible]. There were~~ Perhaps an hour only had passed; ~~if the day [illegible] discussion lasted till 5;~~ the five that would be spent in argument that day. If ~~became therefore a matter of some importance to~~ If one had already reached this stage of ~~boredom~~ & ~~certain~~ certitude, depression, into what depths of boredom would one not be plunged by bedtime? How could one attend the next day of the congress? How could one face you, ~~our the~~ our bureau, ~~[illegible] had today~~, with in the great information that your congress had proved so unspeakably [illegible] depressing that we were returning to London by the very ~~first~~ next train ~~on the next day~~ - ~~on the 10th of June~~?

benevolence of Spectator notoriety

[illegible]

was ~~there~~ nothing ~~but~~

The mind may be an active mind, a good mind; but what is the use of a mind?

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dread of boredom, dread of disgrace lingered ~~are to seek a solution~~ –
~~there must be a solution~~: some solution there must be; a
~~is dead of boredom~~ In this dilemma, ~~a~~ for only
one ~~possible~~ solution presented itself, & this ~~was~~ ~~to do as~~ ~~I~~
~~you think it childish~~ – to play at Child's Game, ~~of Pretend Day~~:
~~to pay like this~~ Let Pretend, I said to myself, ~~for~~
that I am Mrs. Jones of Blackburn. ~~to~~ ~~that rather~~ accomplished
a woman of that name had just mounted the blackboard, ~~I was~~
~~the worst~~ I am the wife of Monsieur. ~~the~~ ~~comes in~~
~~when my husband comes home~~ what I want therefore is
some means of getting the ~~bath~~ water hot. ~~My home is~~
I demand that the ~~my~~ home shall be so
~~for~~ ~~it~~ I can feel, as the feels, the need of electricity in
order to heat water for my husband's bath when he comes in ~~for~~
the meal. ~~I~~ I can see his home, with the dry clothes
ready on the line, her little boy like home ~~in a row~~,
with ~~two rosy~~ cheeks with its other pair of children in
~~neat~~ ~~pinafores~~ tidy – I can see Mrs Jones for –
moment. I shall put some body & blood into her
Demand for "Carbon-saving appliances & heavy upon"
her husband comes in To I played at this ~~game~~ ~~worked~~
admirably for some time But Now But I must confess
& then at last Mrs. Phillips of Beacon; a few
friends of workers; & Mrs. Roberts of Pargeter,
& Mrs. Potter of the College Boy. ~~but~~
& the device worked admirably – up to a point.
That is, I succeeded very much ~~the~~ little ~~this~~ ~~I~~ ~~long~~
~~of my~~ ~~which~~ ~~any mind~~ ~~retained from this~~ of ~~my~~ ~~my~~ ~~ing~~
these women ~~to live~~ as they ~~lived~~ before me; ~~but~~
as they stood before me; but very soon I found ~~but~~ ~~soon~~
I found ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~were~~ ~~my~~ ~~mean~~ ~~is~~ the child
of ~~mine~~ but soon I found but after ah,

when the Chapel bell ceased to ring I began with the words Let us pray

in her

& I shall not be bored & shall not weep

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the emergencies of the child agonies ~~today; I could not~~
Circumstances; I could not be Mrs Smith, simply because my
I have never stood at the washtub all day, nor cooked for a
family of 2 ~~4~~; nor had to 18/ to spend on food after
allowing my husband 1/6 a week for tobacco.
~~Hence there was something about~~ Therefore my picture
~~was always going wrong~~; was always admitting
irrelevant objects. ~~I found myself looking out~~ — Land Lakes
for instance, Mont Granby, ~~Coli~~ Lea Scales & Moorlands — such
as I might have ~~seen but Mrs Smith very probably~~
been remarkable ~~to have~~, but was observed as the
Unreliable, ~~not as observer~~, & not as the artist.

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Something was always creeping in from a world which was not Mrs Smiths world, & making the game too much of a ~~for~~ game to be.

The government had supplied me with hot ~~baths~~ water & electric light.

~~The~~ Any picture was

be worth belaying.

And ~~then~~ to correct this irrelevancy ~~one~~ ~~might~~ ~~could~~ looked at took a ~~glance~~ cup of tea ~~the~~ the fact — one looked at Mrs Thomas of Darlington; at Mrs Penny of Middlesborough; at Mrs Reddick of Newton Abbot; at Mrs Langton of ~~[illegible]~~ Burnley. No, there were no arm chairs, no electric ovens, no ~~hot~~ hot water laid on in their lives. Bakers & butchers did not call on them; they never signed cheques for weekly books; or took, with some sense of extravagance ~~but still nice of it being~~ indeed a ~~box~~ seat ~~stall~~ at the opera. If they travelled it was on excursion days with ~~meat~~ ~~sandwich~~ a child ~~in~~ in the arm; if they & far from strolling through the house & saying this cover must go to the wash or this light turn ~~we had~~ ~~that chair~~ a ~~new~~ that ~~we had~~ a new needs cleaning they were on their ~~[illegible]~~ ~~knees~~ ~~they~~ carpet ~~they~~ knees scrubbing or on their feet wringing. ~~Their~~ The wash tub, the ~~Much~~ So ~~there was all that in their faces.~~ ~~Their~~ They were ~~not~~ thickset, muscular, hard & substantial ~~the wash tub had bred not bred fat but the most part. The wash tub had bred not~~ ~~the little house in a row had~~ ~~it had bred muscle.~~ The ~~[illegible]~~ hands; big boned bodies, with large hands, ~~& the big~~ ~~bred~~ hands; slow emphatic gestures of people who are often stiff, & who fall tired upon hard chairs; ~~& without orders~~. ~~Common~~ peer through the steam ~~of~~ to see what mischief children ~~are~~ are up to. Their faces had

Their faces had the

& other ~~determination~~ &.

in consequence,

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deep lines, the big curves the heaviness wholely & formless ~~of~~
rather than juiciness & mobility. They suffied pencils &
pastels: they did ~~not~~ touched nothing lightly. & A ~~Had~~
Sackville might have found in them ~~types of~~ that
sort of ~~us~~ ungainliness & Clumsiness which suggest
symbolical figures. Then face had the deep lines the
~~forces &~~ marked curves & wholely & bare rather than
any finish delicacy of Expression & mobility. I
~~They seemed to be as~~ Behind them was no Nothing was
since nothing supported them, their muscles were always
taut; ~~their~~ they never brought ~~the~~ the lightest,
freest, detached feeling into play: ~~all their~~ had given
them a ~~sculpturesque~~ quality; an they wanted
baths, ovens, divorce, education, ~~and~~ another shilling
another hour. they did not want Mozart, Proust,
Cezanne & the ~~Ides of Spain~~. They were
were not in any way detached & cosmopolitan. They were
like the fields & lanes. Their very names were
like stones & - old, common, worn, obscure English
un distinguished, blunt; they had been ~~chewed~~ ridden up & trampled on
for ages. without ever breaking off & taken to themselves
the separate isolated existence & independent
Existence of ~~the~~ other classes. ~~There were no~~
Then, ~~what would they write?~~ ~~As~~ But at the
~~same time (they had~~ There the other classes stood -
last ~~But even so~~ but would they stare for much
longer? Mr. Plumsey, ~~for example~~, ~~as reading~~ had
~~that in her which might, given a~~ & ~~that~~ in which
did instead of ~~educated~~ book they ~~talked~~ Cora this
firm hearted duty to words; took a book in it hand; or
absorbed study to mathematics, then merely in
~~learned~~ something vague might happen to impress a
for the force, the Grande & incalculable Will, was there.

'Them minds were always on faults: the them eyes on faults:

Indigenous to unfranchised.

The mobility

They had minds like ways: their going wild:

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such thoughts. So one ~~must~~ took a draught of the fact, took
in. When they had got back divine electric light in
Education — that

And, ~~but~~ the lecture, for a second ~~after~~ this digression, ~~I~~
~~gave~~ into the lecture place, ~~this a~~ ~~one heard~~ Mrs
Penney & Lincoln, a ~~heavy elderly woman~~ with a
one heard Mrs ~~one heard~~ — heavy but ~~a~~ dignified face, say — ~~the had~~
~~been what she had been thinking~~) ~~do not know~~ — ~~what her last~~
~~she had been thinking about this~~ was) do not know —
~~very simply~~, "we can wait". Yes, she ~~whealed~~
very simply, at the conclusion she thought "we can
wait" And she got down stiffly from her
perch & made her way, rather heavily, back to her
seat, an elderly woman dressed in her best clothes.

NYPLÍ

"But said Mrs. Winthrop of Ilpeny Moor, – the words came like a reprieve "he can wait" absorbed in these calculations I do not know what she had been talking about – he can wait .." Yes she repeated, at the conclusion of the speech, he can wait. And she got down rather stiffly from her bench & made her way back to her seat, an elderly woman dressed in her best clothes.

Had one been a [illegible] woman, one possessing with a house or two in the country & a grove now & a garden and wood, undoubtedly have felt distinctly uncomfortable, at Mrs. Winthrop's words. She would have felt that all pronouns were [illegible] Even Lord Haywarden threatened. The [illegible] Even Those Tories were kept up, & would very soon overflow.

But

Then there was that curiously sympathetic & antipathetic – came into play & [illegible] would not be true to say that any sense or speculation had brought one that [illegible] degree of understanding which made the speeches intelligible – but when there was a full understanding: They were not — not enough to make complete understanding – "D" always remained a [illegible] outside the charmed personage, [illegible] – but [illegible] head, cut off from direct contact; but at certain [illegible] time – he [illegible] just enough to warm us. The [illegible] flat banality of public meetings. Kindle a flash of curiosity, irritation & sympathy [illegible] in the middle class imagination.

may more than) can decorate

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such were a few — very few — of the emotions which that particular
Canpeen roused in the minds of your middle class visitors.
It took up;
Such were some of the sympathies & antipathies, the curiosities &
invitations that were roused by that particular Canpeen;
some of them, presumably, were confined to you; for, if I may
go on recalling scenes which have to scenes from the past, it
must have been both a pity to discussing the
last night I can remember many a certain room now
in my mind now Never even after this that we
It deepened. The Workers went back to their
work tubs & kitchen. The clothes were laid by. The

What then was left of these impressions? It was many
something very to mistake That did not perhaps a It is
It was certain to be true Presumably perhaps that there was a
That there were a fact true
volcano; that there was a smouldering heat beneath us; that
the the Common working heat that roused upon us our
home stand, was a smouldery, was hot, was rather
thinking, trying with difficulty to speak; was to for
Clumsily & awkwardly trying hard with tools but often
words; was very like some monster that has crawled out
the bottom of the sea to the surface. It
It has to put a burden on its back, that nothing
Could melodramatic could be achieved. One did not
leave the Canpeen fearing revolution; but one
would be dislodged; the classes would Crowd between
the classes would be broken up.

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So Agnata

And so Mrs Jones & Mrs Phillips & Mrs Potts & Mrs. Edwards ~~fitted away, & to~~ rose up & sat down; one after another; ~~and~~ & were merged in the body of the audience. At last, after two days of darkness, after many Communal meals at long tables, & an ~~& exhausted~~ & the Jam bottled, or biscuits made, & a dozen singings of hymns, & cheering, the Captain declared, back to Yorkshire, Wales, Surrey, Cornwall, & the Yankees took off their wire clothes, & plunged their hands in the washtubs again.

~~That~~ ~~what Conclusion~~ effect of

I also ~~that~~ summer, the ~~discussion~~ argument about the Captain & the ~~very~~ ~~that~~ here so inadequately described ~~their argument~~ their ~~that~~ went on & about working women, & whether ~~the middle class~~ their standing, their duties, their ~~about working women, middle class~~ women, their difficulties, their ambitions & ~~sympathies~~ were resolved, & which is better. & ~~what~~ what is to be hoped, & whether they made use of ~~opportunities~~ & ~~they~~ what their was resolved; ~~it was~~ but not as in a public hall, heavy with banners & ~~vote~~ loud with voices. by E. The head office of the guild, where all those happy & ~~last~~ tickets here & ~~together~~ tickets had come - was then in Hampstead. ~~And whether it was~~ Now, if I may remind you once more, we as of what you ~~have forgotten, we came~~ ~~now have forgotten~~, ~~we came, and~~ I came, ~~in Edenbridge~~ to tea, ~~were late in fact to talk by~~ we continued over the Corpse, the argument, ~~about~~ or rather were continued over the Corpse, the argument which then to busily sketched. ~~For it~~ But I must pause on the

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threshold of that dignified old home; to look ~~at the first glance at~~ left her
Miss Kidd. ~~She was not conciliatory.~~ her ferocity was to
~~upon the~~ confront Miss Kidd. Whether Miss Kidd always
dressed in dark humble) do not know. ~~Whether the~~ That day
~~She was as~~ she certainly ~~was~~ the looked very lovely ~~for the~~
~~flowers, boards, draperies, & perfumed mirrors~~ ~~as to the~~
~~worth of~~ the grey ~~dowdiness, very showy~~ & pride & foreboding of
~~showy as~~ disaster & corruption as she presided over the
type writer in the front office. She guarded the sanctity of the
presence almost too efficiently. ~~Had she had the heavy lidded~~
Although ~~she~~ We about the stomach, owing to the weight which
curled on her forehead, to be worn very weighty. ~~The stomach to open~~
~~her~~ an extra share of the grievances of the world on her
shoulders. ~~One felt she was~~ & when she clacked her
type writer one felt that she was unhearing making the
~~unchanged~~ ~~spirits~~ disapproval & disaster. Part
Miss Kidd however one came to a very different
guardian - Miss Lehar Harris - & the ~~charm~~ charges
Harris was that, although she had ~~why~~ one of the main
~~for as the engine~~ that worked that extremely
efficient Empire which we had ~~worked~~ keeping it ~~working~~ up together -
She did ~~it with~~ a tube in her mouth & a detective
novel in her hand. ~~She was~~ She seemed extremely
Compared. She had no She did ~~not~~ much ~~in~~
Equanimity & a composure you who knits
stockings or darns socks. The doubts as to one's
personal worthiness which Miss Kidd roused Miss
Harris had to test. She was not busy; not
dead had nothing whatever to; merely came to the
office because she liked it; sat there for an hour a
~~to~~ two & looked a few stamps - addressed a few
envelopes - that was what her manner conveyed.

a lady with a type writer & a detective novel as her desk -

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such was the extremely modest & deluded atmosphere of the Department / I do not suppose that the ~~and the~~ rather ~~liked~~ stalwart - the liked Economics - the liked adding up & subtracting & working out figures.. Mrs Harris never let one suppose that ~~that~~ And it must have been Mrs Harris who made tea & moved the baskets of a chair. ~~But I~~ It was ~~Mrs Harris who was~~ Then she Nurse she who found the ~~traitor~~ documents, & explained Guerlain. And then she let her hope & hatred at it, & ~~& the deluded husband who he & never said a word to~~ Mrs Harris that & listened calmly, but authoritatively; & she said to the ~~Police Court~~ to what was being said.

Again ~~at~~ me telescope into a few ~~strong~~ sentences the gist of many discussions ~~that~~ which I beg to distribute the hants accurately - ~~but~~ for so my plan has fared. But it was ~~Chi~~ a something like it that was said.

Yes, Mrs Harris — (you had emerged from an inner office, in & I ~~do not know the~~ & of Mrs Kidd was flowers & Mrs Harris merchant you were the weather are not the other: Eager, ~~Homesick, frantic~~ planting but they will scratch at any discrepancies that may at venture ~~at~~ your flank & the postmen ~~pass~~ so that I only venture more)

of your arrows

Yes, we said; we liked the Empress we liked story much: but ~~work to~~

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~~was it to~~ The Central Africa was lodged in one of those old houses in a broad street which still exist unspoilt in Hampstead.

Again let me telescope into a few sentences many discussions; ~~for that was the occasion when this these persons arrived~~ are to in various settings. We said then —

for You now emerged from the ~~same Africa~~ the man woman, — ~~I could not venture a word in description~~ of you ~~saw~~ that if Mrs Kidd was purple, Mrs Harris coffee coloured you were — historically speaking — of a Kensington blue, a ~~as~~ arrowy ~~as that a flight~~ as that bird ~~in~~ ~~Knight~~ — we said then, that the Congress had been both a revelation ~~&~~ a disillusionment. We had been bored. we had been homesick. we had been enraged. All they talk we said, is of matters of fact. They want baths & electric light. When people get together Communally they only show the least desirable of their problems — ~~their~~ to ~~ejaculations~~, with our detached & volatile minds — our minds that flew at the end of a little ~~length~~ of Cabaret — to fix themselves to a history ~~Earth~~ again was impossible. & Therefore ~~though~~ however much we ~~sympathised~~ shrugged ~~only~~ aesthetically — not personally but ~~for in the year 1913~~ was a ~~there~~ ~~There was little for a~~ ~~was bad~~ And yet it could not be denied that aesthetically it just ~~as~~ that the Congress was Ex- ~~Bagot~~ ~~ercise~~ might aesthetically Let us explain what please we said. The women are

as a of decisive

a exile into Their

Such reflections were unconfortable.

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magnificant to look at. The Chinese ~~are~~ Ladies in Evening dress are a lovely sight; but they look altogether like sculpturesque females of working women. Their arms are undeveloped - fat has replaced the lines of the muscles. ~~And~~ And ~~their~~ though the range of Expression is narrower in working women, they ~~have~~ their few expressions have a force & an emphasis which the ladies are without. X But then, we said, one cannot adopt as the aesthetic ~~ideal~~ ideal of ~~life~~ Conscientously. ~~Laugh at me his~~ Other Ethic Emotions keep breaking in. at the same time it is much better to be a truly human lady than Venus Morgan Cezanne & Einstein, not merely clothes over & hot water laid on. Then to decide ladies & instead their manner of thinking is not merely bad manners but it gives away the whole business of Compren- for if it were up to better ones. Let, ~~what~~ to ~~the~~ those ~~that~~ they had come there, & strive in order to ~~enjoy~~ enjoy Einstein that they were demanding but taken. ~~as~~ as education. ~~true~~, they had some witching of ~~Nothing could be more foolish~~ than to claim all the ~~virtues~~ ~~of~~ That is true that working women are so much inferior to middle class women, by all means let them remain working women, & not undergo the contamination of wealth & ~~ill~~ prosperity. Their only aim the Comfort. ~~But we said~~ ~~to keep~~ to aesthetic There is impossible ~~to~~ to keep working women ~~were~~ could have looked newest in their clothes, we contended, & there is

X the hidden life their clothes must have.

& especially why had they come there.

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& upstart
handy
Compliments

~~Something~~ ~~something~~ apart from ~~the~~ prejudice, apart from fashionable
whereby women have a ~~certain~~ task. ~~They~~ ~~Take Abstract you~~
will, ~~in Thing~~ is the women of the field Captain have
~~something~~ ~~which they~~ ~~Apart for Let~~ ~~picture here~~
~~One does not like, too~~ ~~to deal in~~ something - something
~~Characters~~, ~~the~~ ~~mutable~~ - ~~which~~ ~~which~~ ~~you~~ - ~~which~~ is extremely but eternally
desirable. ~~without dialogue~~ ~~these old words~~ in ~~to~~ but eternally
~~handy compliments~~ What it is, ~~we cannot be~~ ~~daily~~ to
~~know~~. ~~But~~ ~~it~~ extremely difficult to say for one
does not want to ~~talk~~ ~~about~~ ~~with words like~~
~~Contact with facts~~. ~~Know~~ one does not want to
~~Explain~~ ~~when~~ the 'words wither'; & the
merits of 'facing life' & 'reality' &; one does not
wish to ~~comment~~ merely to ~~the~~ the transparency of life, -
& the ~~to~~ wisdom of ~~experience~~. ~~to~~ such phrases
invariably alienate & make the heaven
~~Instead~~. ~~But at the same time~~; But ~~at the~~
~~same time~~, ~~that~~ ~~one~~ ~~fully aware~~ ~~it cannot be said~~ that it
Shakespeare were among us, he would be
found shooting or from the well known Saloon where
would be thrown open to greet him to ~~Mrs~~.
Crack a joke in Mrs Robson's harbour. ~~He would~~
~~Laugh~~ ~~The breadth, the humour~~ They have a
breadth & humour, which has been dried out of
~~often~~ ~~literary words~~. Indeed for, we said,
one of the ~~characters~~ must ~~answer~~ answer the
Emperor was that 'the poor' - ~~as a~~ the
working class' - & whatever one must call them -
her downtrodden & overworked; has
are strong, humorous, candid, free thinkers, ~~and~~ understanding,
~~Comfortable~~ & thoroughly independent: so that it

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were human to meet them, not as sympathizers, not as
helpers, not as mentors, not as customers, but as
a fellow being, whose ~~interest in life is~~ [illegible] in life is
as precarious as their own, over the workclub in their
public house, confidentially — Casually — then one
would have come by such the same taste & desire to
them a great liberation would follow. How
perhaps a great would follow. How many words
must lurk in those women's vocabularies that have
faded from ours! What a ~~face must be~~
range of imagery & and images & old sayings &
How must still be current; & very likely, they still
keep the proverbs, which the other class have lost, of
coining phrases. making new ~~exclamations~~ ones.
Those were Those were some very fine speeches at
Congress. Even a humble mother would not pass them
flashes out ~~some of~~ intently. ~~impelled~~ But, we said,
& have perhaps sighed, or took up a darker knife,
or poked the fire, by way of opening a grievance —
we ~~so~~ shall never get at it in other terms. But
fact that we shall never get any further than
this: Our lot, in life are so far separate. Pitiful
we ~~have not~~ The darker ends, we have our bills
with shillings, because our clothes are washed for us,
& we do not know we end as sheep from the
other, we are condemned to remain for ever
~~each other, a little worse than a~~ Whereas
within the confines of the middle classes: Sir &
Madam, as the case may be; is weary sad tone.
Now a thousand pities,
Silk stockings.

we can want — we can wear

NYPL

for them not less than for us. ~~It~~ And as some, ~~th~~
And ~~the~~ nothing Nicholas annoyed us more at the Congress
than the thought, ~~from which we~~ we found not because,
that this fear. Stone Mouldering heat, this ~~ancient~~ late, to long ~~un~~ found ; here
respects, ~~were~~ as is about — way in a Century or so — to
Come ~~to~~ into bearing, so that all Experience is needed, &
all manners are inextricably ~~lost~~ Combined, so that
life becomes infinitely more expensive & complex. So that
books are far richer & more many sided, so that
~~Music~~ & Wordy Cares to be a person & becomes a
Common where anybody meets anybody — all this is
going to happen immediately — thanks to you, very largely.
Mrs Harris & Mrs Reid ~~who have assisted them~~
when & we shall be dust & ashes.

~~Music there that the idea~~ ~~Music to counteract the~~

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~~Then you perhaps or Mrs Harris perhaps~~ ~~condoled with~~ us

Three Then that we tried to explain ~~why~~ over the underrate nature of fictitious sympathy – ~~how~~ & how it differs from the real thing; ~~which is based upon~~ because it is not based ~~blood & bone.~~ ~~Cause~~ sharing the important emotions unconsciously; & how very difficult it is, ~~at present~~ in 1913 for the middle class to see eye to eye with the lower.

how defective it is

for the man worker to understand the ~~real~~ manual worker.

Perhaps it was at this point that you unlocked a drawer & took out a packet of papers. ~~You explained~~ ~~that~~ Occasionally sometimes, you said, you ~~got a letter or even~~ ~~an~~ you got a letter which you kept; ~~sometimes~~ and at times you had asked a woman to write an ~~account of~~ something about her own life – ~~perhaps~~ ~~the~~ ~~we should find these fragments of interest. Perhaps~~ they would give us ~~that~~ – it might be that if we took these papers & read them we ~~should find that we could~~ ~~understand, & easier to understand~~ – ~~the formality of the Congress would be gone~~ – ~~such is the curious power of~~ ~~speech~~ – that these ~~the~~ women were ~~let more~~ would lose ~~by~~ their symbolic quality & ~~would~~ become real; ~~&~~ so that we should understand rather better. The women would cease to be symbolic & become individual. ~~& we might find & those~~ sympathies which were alienated by a sense of the differences between us might flow more freely. Your ~~hand hesitated upon the papers~~.

perhaps

impeded checked

~~Yet~~ But they were only fragments; ~~they~~ & illiterate were no doubt, ill-spelt, [illegible]; they were written ~~often~~ ~~sentence~~ ~~by~~ ~~snatches~~ in the intervals of housework, ~~& they were~~ You hesitated to ~~commit~~ ~~convey~~ give them up ~~display them~~; ~~but~~ ~~not~~ because of their ~~incompleteness, &~~ ~~the confidence which~~ they ~~were confidential~~, incompleteness which made them, even though the writers were ~~willing for them to be read~~, ~~some~~ confidential. ~~Like~~ You were afraid that they might be ~~too~~ so inarticulate ~~that~~ ~~they~~ to be comprehensible. as one would hesitate to show the drawings & verses of a child. It might be that they would only ~~bore, it~~ perplex; it might be that

& ramble

NYPL

Do not listen
talk about
literature.

their inadequacy as literature — but here we interrupted.
Please we reclaimed, when you hesitate & pass
given to hunt the bibles bench again let us read them for
the there is a that is the very thing to love you that
Everything Nobody can write without revealing something.
And in particular, the writing of those who do not know how to
write, is the most effective. often. [And so, when many delays
in the war came, &] Here is a chance for us to see what
his books set inside their symbolical legends. In other
books, there is a chance for us to we do not ask this
from their curiosity or love of invention, strangeness; but
to get coby, (for no middle class woman can write about the
poor one for at least) but somebody in order to to
enlarge our ideas, to bring us into sympathy with what is happening
down there, — in the streets, what sort of thoughts are
were now passing through the mind of Mrs Kidd, so that the
lowers whom you call with such — our motives are
good, if simply because not duly realised ideas, faces, the women at the
figures which have a habit of doubt & mist about them are Cotton
doubtless the gloom of Mrs Kidd, the oddity &
distance a stranger; together with a sense of its importance.
coming, have to as a effect on the future must will
you have in we hear until we have come to some sort of
understanding. Thus friend, you did by degrees.
with many delays — there was the war for example —
under many & then you, Mrs Kidd & you & Mrs Harris
Kidd died, & you & Mrs Harris untied
from the Custis Gould, & a piece of testimonial was
given you in a casket; so human many thousand women
for the said to say attitude: always no good
& you had because that new Moon you had changed their lives — &
what they would fail for you to their dying day; — all
this happened & the letters however were only
finally delivered early last May.

Could you call
to me about
Dog

of these
reasons I observe
but
sometimes

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When then I personally had them in my hands I was
~~had these papers~~ there started up in my mind's eye
the figures that I had seen, all those years ago, in the hall at
Manchester; they were no longer
adorning a public meeting in their best clothes
a ~~Sunday afternoon~~ but they were as they ~~the Quakers~~
at that hour of the day ~~had got down from the~~
they ~~were~~ were as they looked and were always,
They had come home; taken off their finery; laid out on their
working clothes; began to again the daily task - spinning,
weaving, cooking, mending the children, &
buying the groceries, which was to last ~~a~~ the next
week until ~~he~~ ~~Sunday~~ Sunday came round again; ~~I~~ watched
but, as they worked - such was my impression - they
which they intoned ~~told~~ told however, to
Must one could go back, beyond this, to ~~that~~ & see them
how was And behind this, was the story But there ~~as~~ behind
were not But so ~~I~~ one had, that. This was not all.
As one read, and the how Other saw them, too,

& as they swept & dusted & cooked they told one
had talked in a fragmentary way this time - what bits of
conversation, ~~as~~ not consecutively, in rather
haphazard - very a way what they remembered.
Their memories went back to ~~the days~~ a earlier generation:
the days they told were of some of ~~the~~ 1840 & 1850.
the Lords & the factories ~~of the~~ They
were born about the middle years of the nineteenth Century.
In those days - one can hardly believe it, but Mrs Scott says so -
Could remember, between 1850 & 1860, how when she
was eight years old she began to work fourteen hours

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horses a day in the fields, near Croyland, & how an old man
with a long whip in his hand 'which he did not forget to use',
followed the children, who were even younger than she was.
She remembered how terribly cold they got, & how one
wintry day the cold had been so dreadful that they could
hardly run, & [illegible] were about to 'sit down under a hedge to
& eat our cold dinner & drink our cold tea' when the
Shepherd's wife came & said to the gang "Bring
these children into my house & let them eat their dinner there" –
& they sat in a ring on the floor & ate the bread in the
middle of them a very large saucepan of hot boiled potatoes
& beans as help ourselves. She remembered the washing
through the flooded fens in the winter; the how the
Children had to wade the when the Wash overflowed its
banks they had to wade through for half a mile through the
flood. And then There was The fens were flooded
Every winter In summer they At harvest time they
left home at four in the morning & cleaned worked in the
fields like none at night when they went to Stanley
work in a factory at Leeds it was 'felt like Heaven'.
Mrs. Wrigley when she was eight went out cleaning the
floors & back yards on a Saturday for a penny a time
a piece of bread & butter. & carried coppers to the iron
forge for twopence a week. When she was nine she
became a mangle worker but could not light the fire, &
when her master roared 'Give me a good box on the ears'
And as she could not read a word, she had to use they toilet by
a kind old lady wrote to tell her parents to fetch her home.
Mending the of younger children, doing jobs for a penny or two,
at twelve she was able to work in a shop or factory
at fourteen she could get a job in a felt hat factory –
at Chesham for example where they made felt hats.
At That was a The work was very hard, but. She had to

She remembered how ugly the Shepherd's wife was, & yet she, when she thinks of her now, admires her not. She is not

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be at work at 7. a.m. & they brought work home & worked till 8 or 9 at night. Then earn 13/ or 15/ a week. But the. Nevertheless, however in spite of the cold & the heat & the long hours & little food, the mind of these remained much more than this room can ever contain, but the indescribable thing I can't explain, as one listens, to these old stories of the past.

But when they come to talk of the past, Mrs ~~that~~ ~~with the forgotten~~ that are in they way in the mind. The fact of it were merely a question of statistics, one could find them in abundance elsewhere. The ~~as~~ about Much more interesting what ~~what one would not find~~ — be it work one, reading these days — was the ~~toughness~~, the flesh & blood. Here we have the sheer indomitableness something ~~more~~ different. ~~Get~~ Ida used to work at 8, keeps ~~it~~ a girl chaps a girl to a factory, at 12, keeps in working 14 hours a day, & merely one has done. Killed her imagination & destroyed her intellectual vigour. But ~~and~~ it seems not. One could see the ~~tears~~ from that room, says Mrs — day book over the table from that room, ~~as~~ where ~~as~~ boys Mrs Holt: & then, that was a thing, such a comfort & help. And then, it appears that yesterday felt hats, that hard work, for ~~the felt is hard~~, & not difficult to push the needle through a hole at once, ~~has it~~ is a work of which can ~~improve~~ human being with the utmost deft. There were women in Flanders that factory who wrecked themselves ~~as~~ in order hurting a crooked stitch in their work. In fact they gave their lives to straight stitches. And they invented that the ideal should hold for other. "Just think of the pounding on men's hat brains; the ~~the~~ old pennies were terrible with me; the sad noises

NYPL

for my food She wanted to make a basket because you, but I would not do it. Just think of the bending in mine but hers; & they were a quarter of an inch & even less crooked, back they can . . . . .

5½

Perhaps at
~~The~~ These debates who sat round the fire & praise thanked God that they had ale warmed consecrations" —

5

The virtue & discipline of more glorious than seem to Women obscurely here. Virtue & discipline again are in the good sisters who ~~had~~ kept of
who came to live in Bethnal Green & were much
wrinkled gate inhabitants, tended the small boys broke out
among the makers of match boxes, & they went their
into the homes of the sick — & found the well
making their match boxes in the infected rooms — & tending
them out & carrying the infection, & cared for them until they
were well, so that often that the street children who used
to be terrified of the sisters ran away when they saw
the sisters coming had stuck up in their faces in the
expectation of getting a smack in return, & often seldom
they were disappointed. More, too, in
Bethnal Green. Wrenched other ~~sick~~ tough & obstinately
immortal instinct — for that longing for green fields
& countryground. Mrs Layton ~~One day~~ day

Mrs Layton
Carlos it & the
I wanted to
play on
clean
ground

"The longing for clean ground came to me though dear
my brother unpack his boots covered with
yellow dust, & I remember as if it were only
yesterday wondering what all the roads were
made up of dust like that on his boots, & the
longing came over me to see those delightsome woods."
Without exception, the got her wish.
I was at first very frightened of the bees . . . .

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~~as~~ They talked ~~so it seemed to me, they told the story~~ ~~rather~~ lives. They ~~explained what it~~ went back to what they remembered

And as they worked they talked about. ~~their past; about their mothers & fathers & those~~ their memories of early days, their fathers & mothers, & their childhood. ~~Whatever~~ ~~And and~~ And, ~~it seemed to me that you were right~~ when I had finished

~~They were~~ That hot ~~day in Manchester~~ June day, with its speeches & celebrations & ceremonies ~~& festival smiles~~, vanished; ~~one saw~~ instead one saw into little rooms of four women's ~~houses~~, mining women, agricultural women, & labouring women. ~~in~~ in different parts of England, ~~long ago~~ fifty or sixty years ago.

& which placed us looked back into the lives, into

~~The women~~ It seemed strange, yet it was a fact, that one of those women had worked in the Fens ~~when she was a child~~ of eight together with ~~in a gang~~ of ~~40~~ forty or fifty ~~children~~ others & an old man with a long whip in his hand "which he did not forget to use" had followed them. Most of those women had started work at the age of eight — earning a penny for washing a doorstep, or twopence for carrying suppers to the iron lodge. They had ~~all~~ been in service sometimes when they were nine. They had gone into factories when they were fourteen. They had worked from seven in the morning till 8 or 9 at night & made 13 or 15 shillings a week. ~~True as this is,~~ They had been hungry very often, & they had saved pence to buy their mother gin; or they had fetched opium to assuage some miserable old woman's ague in the fens. They had seen ~~the~~ half starved women standing in rows to be paid for their match boxes; while they smelt the master's dinner cooking inside. ~~They had~~ The small pox had raged in Bethnal Green & they had known how the match boxes were still made by the beds of the infected. They had been so cold, working in the fields, in winter that

to Betty Robin

NYPL

they had washed their faces in coals
they could not run when the fayer allowed them. They had
hopes to find a piece of fish lived in a hovel, & loved instead ally
dry crust & old bacon rind. All the tragedy & ale the
Squealor of life had been pressed to their eyes in before while
the ribbon
they had been dabbling in sea side brooks & playing games in
under heady skies. straw age when every sight & sound has
They had done & seen & known all this when they were
other children were still dabbling in sea side brooks, or
shelling cast fairy tales by the nursery fender fire.
But the ~~about~~ still stranger than the fact that a children
in 1850 & years about 1850 were whisked to their work in the
fens of Lincolnshire no longer ago than 1850, is the other
is it is the fact that human nature in so simple, so indomitable,
will take almost any wound & survive it. so ~~elastic~~, that survives such treatment. Keeps a
child in Bethnal Green among match box makers, or
pauper boys & mean streets alone parement & the
& gets still some instinct through out, birdlore, that all
that weight of repression & craves for the country,
or as Mrs Langston Layton calls it "clean ground" —
with such persistency that at last; — She had seen
her brothers boots caked in yellow dust, & the
trees imagined a lovely road what a country road was
like — when she got to the country. and then The trees frightened her.
when she got to the Country. Even But Even stranger than
their Fact children women into factories, when they are
fourteen Strike But Fact only after a childhood of misery labour
brother & washing downstairs into a factory when they were
fourteen & they still have eyes for the dawn. The
work worn at Mrs Churchill was up three hours
high, & could see the at seven o'clock in the
morning one could see the day break over the
hills & & between always such a comfort & help
to & that even if one needs additional proofs of the
still stranger,

NYPÜ

Lena Geo

On the binding of men's hat brim.

Strangeness of human nature ~~is~~ to crave to escape from bondage & attach itself to something like a Coventry road or the Jungfrau Eisenbahn over the hills, is the fact that a woman will give her life to the cause of Margaret Hitchings. (The will ~~to dress that~~ make that her aim & glory though to ~~have~~ ~~the hat brim~~ never to hint a crooked stitch in her work. And she will impress her ideal on others.) Felt is hard & thick; she difficult to push the needle through; 'just think of the binding on men's hat brims' — the scene is no battle field, but only a tailors; there are no wounds to be had, no glory to be won, but such is the incongruity of ideals & the human mind that there were women ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~forced~~ who would make all their glory that they never put a crooked stitch in their work; who would try to inspire the younger generation with the same ideal.

"One of the old trimmers was terrible with me. She said she was for my good. She wanted to make a perfect trimmer of me and I would not be so." With this reverence for Margaret Fletcher went a book ~~behind~~ ~~to~~ the ~~reverence~~ sanctity of Queen Victoria. The Queen was ~~universally~~ ~~universal~~ to any charwoman, so these old trimmers held; & would not thank for my monks to the rebellious girl who doubted it. ~~And the~~ ~~Do~~ after that perhaps we need not wonder if the appetite for reading is ~~indomitable~~ ~~there~~ ~~not to be quenched~~. It reached out & seized here a magazine, there a volume of sketches. ~~The wonder~~ a poem ~~of Tennyson~~ by Rossetti ~~Burns~~ was to read while working, read at meals, read before ~~going to the table~~; read ~~indiscriminately~~ ~~a medley of books~~, books & the Bible, Ella Wheeler Wilcox & Olive Schreiner; read in the oddest medley, hungrily, ~~but~~ voraciously, ~~but~~ with the greedy ~~enthusiasm~~ ~~zest~~ of a new made boy who tastes whisky with apples & toffee & tarts ~~sugar~~ in succession. ~~But~~

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And so, they had come to stand where they did stand in the hall at Manchester.

At last they began to understand what had brought them to Manchester. ~~Therefore it~~ To begin with, as one of them says frankly

And so then slowly that in the end, this same force, always working so certainly, often so blindly, ~~working~~ up through such narrow channels between such thick walls, attached solely to the Co-operative movement with its 'divi.'; & then to the guild, where one could escape from the kitchen, & the washing up & the & them to do at night, here were Mrs Webb & Mrs Scott addressing the meeting, ~~naturally~~ asking for babies & housing & education & more money & less work; thereby in that current stepping a barbarian; talking another dialect from middle class women, harder, keener, more intent, grimmer, more matter of fact.

And then equally clear why Naturally then. These women did not look like the women the other classes; did they wear like them, now at last, when it came to working ~~did they~~ wants or polished middle class style. but with the slightness. the stubbornness the sudden hints of objects & that they ~~Indeed, their memories have no claims to be noted.~~

~~This book is not a book,~~

To to come back to these pages, & to the ~~to~~ keeping with us. I wanted that this book is not a book.

NYPL

Like some stubborn plant struck [illegible] between the crannies in the heavy stones & reach up into the air

they will be hardly known.

is the fact that ideals of duty & honour will flourish in a felt hat [illegible] as surely as in a bobbinet.
an [illegible]
There were women at Chesham who worked for 'honour'
They gave their love to the cause of putting straight
Whether into the bindys of men hat to know. Felt to
is head & that:

That women will make of their glory given to hat
in a rough Cockney sketch: & work hopes to inspire the
younger generation with the same ideals.
With their ideals & Naturally with something of the same
And as they Made his ideals they revered Queen Victoria, & who was so
Made his Most Noble much above any Charwoman, & were thankful they were
married to conservatives.

Reading led to argument. The younger generation,
Not had the audacity to say
apparently, could not see why Queen Victoria had been more
respectable than an honest charwoman who had
brought up a family respectably. They wanted discussion
while they sketched. They argued about geography &
politics. They even Commented that they Upheld the fact of
those who de who had behaved
straight sketches & Queen Victoria. They taught
Not Richards there were
restless inquisitive & intelligent spirit had was
brewing abroad, sometime in the later part of the
nineteenth Century; & it does not need much
Then it came about. What men now wanted was
There can be no doubt that in

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something ~~that where she~~ thai And just at this time, when the
left hat factories were full of agonized, & when two Girls
factory girls were beginning to say "I will never bring a
Child into a world where it must work in a factory";
where young women were dreaming over their work of a
an ideal city .... where there were —
the Womens Guild came into existence & was. I submit to
ask this useless & unformulated thought under whether
Country people where to Churches & Betterment plans, or a
view of the hills to Children girls working at dawn:
~~Poor women~~ shown a ~~p~~ place & refuge & Escape. ~~Poor~~
Could ~~p~~ to ~~the meetings~~ ~~a~~ told an island in the
wells & struggle & Sunless, where one could ~~sit~~
sit far away from body, laughter & crying children:
where one could ~~brood up~~ a ~~woman~~ wife the
~~the form~~ Express ~~without any~~ interference
make with our own hands a better world &
where one ~~could make for our laws~~, build over our
homes, & make our own laws, erect in
~~for the factory~~ women ay for the ~~women~~ ours
Daughter & Granddaughter a world in which
Children should not be whirled to work, & there should be
hot water, & electricity & where one could build
work over our own hands a ~~better world~~ home. There would be
baths & electric lights. There would be shade hours & work
better pay. Children would not be whirled to work.
There would be some peace there for working women:-
2 weeks holidays & pictures & travel even. ~~as~~ as ~~ab~~,
That was what Mrs Roberts & Mr Pobee & Mrs
Wintrop had been after in Manchester in the year 1913.

of poor women
married
women
with
children.

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To be come back to there hopes & to the agency with which I wanted that this book is not a book.
It would be
& it seems asked quite in vain. The world they so wanted for is very busy
They had not And, ~~that words~~ had taken & even 13 years, they have got
something entirely
some apt words finely built, I suppose, new. in tone & metre.

It could not be a book written as that been written
at- and moments, in a big day. ~~Now, taking into~~
~~account that~~ And the writing lacks those very
qualities that one would, in the face of the theatres.
of ~~a lack~~ detachment, a width of view: & a
~~wide horizon~~ & ~~the capacity for all that~~
a readership ~~including~~ those includes & the theme which
weak health
Comes began to lengthen the mind early when the body is
poorly covered for. X But ~~writing is the most~~
Many are writing very nervous. poise is a democratic art. If it seems to you
have something to say, which you believe to be true,
wrenched & it, one is inclined to wish you have read your
bible, & can come of the mighty literary English stock
whose has talents in his line then the chances are that ~~something~~ the page you
manage to set down will have the great power of
suggestion.
"[The dream we sang]
The Shepherd's wife.
That has it. [The old woman.]
And so has that.

~~And then, though one may object that~~
whether I am brain sighted And then, when
Mrs Kidd, hearing that decline which brought to
untimely end under the new president, with
how do all in one expressly

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one feels that in its way there can be nothing more supreme. But that this is still a prelude & as to what is coming; that these voices which we hear only whetted, & come with difficulty, & are still hampered & controlled from all that we know lies there after. ~~Have you not~~ ~~Went to take time~~ Who should know what the

Did you not, after all, give your life to
to learn ~~for them~~ this a meaning that you gave your life?

Certainly one had noted something of that exaltation, that obstinacy in the face the women at Manchester. And then, there went on reading there before, one came upon other signs of ~~that~~ ~~of~~ this extraordinary ~~reticule~~ the human spirit. ~~They~~ The enemy

~~There might~~
But where, one asked, ~~going back over their~~
~~was~~ stepping over the lives in retrospect, were ~~they~~
to find ~~any thing to attack~~ ~~refuge~~? ~~What~~
~~some thing~~, were they to find any
reality - their ideal, to express their need? ~~What~~
How could they formulate this vague discontent, &
desire for for a world more in keeping with their
~~Surely~~ there must have been some way in wh.
the Certainly, their minds were humming,
& their ~~hearts~~ imaginations were awake. already a
worthy foe, as she walked by the mean streets &
industrious town. Cd. days help that she had an
right to ~~must~~ bring a chord into the world of art not

Women could speak.

But I will not speak. ~~This book~~

These keys are only fragments; there voices have not ~~yet learnt~~ yet learnt the full range of human speech. ~~Their stories they tell are only very~~ these stories are very fragmentary. ~~They~~ A forerunner of voices to come. It would not well be otherwise — Indeed, we want you — Zeba Harris

But I will not ~~beat~~

But as I began by saying — this book is not a book, & to ~~read~~ treat it as such is a mistake. The stories are only fragments, & the keys to a beginning, a collection of fragments; ~~as~~ ~~to~~ a beginning, something ~~not yet come to~~ which may serve as prelude & There keys are only ~~new~~ keys to emerge from ~~Circumstances & the~~ the ~~K~~ Silence ~~of~~ which ~~all women living keys~~ has ~~women~~ brooded ~~over~~ upon them since the beginning of time. ~~But this you know~~

~~And who should know this better than you~~, who ~~of that~~ to emerge from that darkness. ~~But I need not~~ And already — I need ~~say~~ this to you, for ~~who~~ who ~~should know better than you~~ — ~~Zeba Harris what she has been~~ for have not you Zeba Harris given your love — but that you will not become finish that silence, & we, women as finally as

There — ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~love~~ other ~~was~~ keys ~~was~~ ~~and was~~

p. the darkness ~~we~~ has been so long

work in a mill. She could not down the work she was
reading & start dreaming, from some chance remark, of
far-off cities where they did be neat . . . . .
Even then I suppose, somewhere in the South, that
the Women-folk came out to gather &
the field.

And so, after ~~all those years~~ ~~one night~~ in the year
1913 one cd. enter a hall at Manchester & hear
~~Even the~~ The men behind them; work & toil. &
dream ~~& sorrow~~; they stood up & demanded

work in a mill. She could not down the work she was
used to & want dreamery, from some chance remark, of
factory cities where there she be sent . . . . .
Then I suppose, somewhere in the 50's, that
the Women found came out to garden &
the field.

And so, after ~~all those years~~ ~~one night~~ in the year
1913 one cd. write a book on Manchester & hear
~~How the~~ This was behind them; work & toil. &
dream ~~& cooperation~~; they stood up & demanded

Virginia Woolf Preface.

But I will not quote. ~~This book~~

These hopes are only fragments; these voices have not ~~yet learnt~~ yet ~~learnt~~ the full range of human speech. ~~Even now~~ The ~~stories they tell are only very~~ these stories are very fragmentary. ~~The~~ A forerunner of voices to come. It would not well be otherwise — Indeed, we want you & Zeta Harris

But I will not ~~beat~~

But as I began by saying — this book is not a book, & to ~~read~~ ~~treat it as such~~ is a mistake. The stories are only fragments, & ~~the lives~~ this a collection of fragments; ~~as~~ & a beginning, something ~~not yet come to~~ which may serve as prelude & ~~to~~ These lives are only ~~to~~ beginning to emerge from clumsiness & the ~~all wandering lives~~ the Vilena ~~is~~ which has ~~been~~ brooded over ~~after~~ them since the beginning of time. ~~But then you know~~ ~~And who should know this better than you~~, ~~who~~ ~~what~~ I to emerge from that darkness. ~~But I need not~~ And ~~what~~ ~~I~~ ~~need~~ ~~you~~ ~~notes~~, ~~for who should know better than you~~ — say this to you, for Zeta Harris ~~what she~~ has been for have not you Zeta been given your love — but that you will not become finish that duties, & W, taken as finally as

There — ~~we~~ ~~have~~ ~~what we~~ begin ~~we~~ now

p. the darkness ~~we~~ has been so long

~~But how was~~ ~~comes to~~
That this was the burden that rested on her shoulders — and
~~he understands~~ & the weight which seemed to
guard your door is now explained. ~~No life~~

But that these hopes are only fragments,
& that ~~these notes~~ are very ~~what we hear~~
the brethren pleasure of people ~~too much~~ ~~from~~ upon
~~whom life rests~~ life pressed so hard that
there was almost no room. who should
know better than you? for (without you —
I. how stern — but hush! I have said too
much, & wish now the new bring the letter to an
end.

One seems to have turned back to an early stage in
English literature: when writing was a new art to make
when the writer wrote about facts & described, or feared
rather barely & simply his own adventures, or
But that is a simple statement of facts,
there are no reflections, no general view of life as a whole
no attempt to enter into the minds of other people.
It would be impossible for Poetry is a long distant
by many generations. But this The means at the
writers command are very far beyond the reach of
these writers as seen beyond the reach of the
language has They are like those obscure writers who
before the time of Shakespeare, who had heard
hear when heard of Greece or Italy, whose horizon
or travelled beyond their own parish boundary. These
to whom there was no music in words, & no
way tradition of between them, one But
Class after all, And yet writing is
And just yet for that reason, because
writing has been a task, not an art, because they
their meaning were inadequate to the had very few words, &
must somehow make them do, & because they had
their experience was far stronger than their words,
& they had no tradition to use the tradition of ordering
them, there is a form in one cannot use them
language without There is a tradition of form in
Simplicity here which experience has when
Greater knowledge might have overlaid.
there is. I think. qualities as experience on these pages
is that literature? Is
After all these years.
The
the life?

to whom words were very

or had any but the simplest

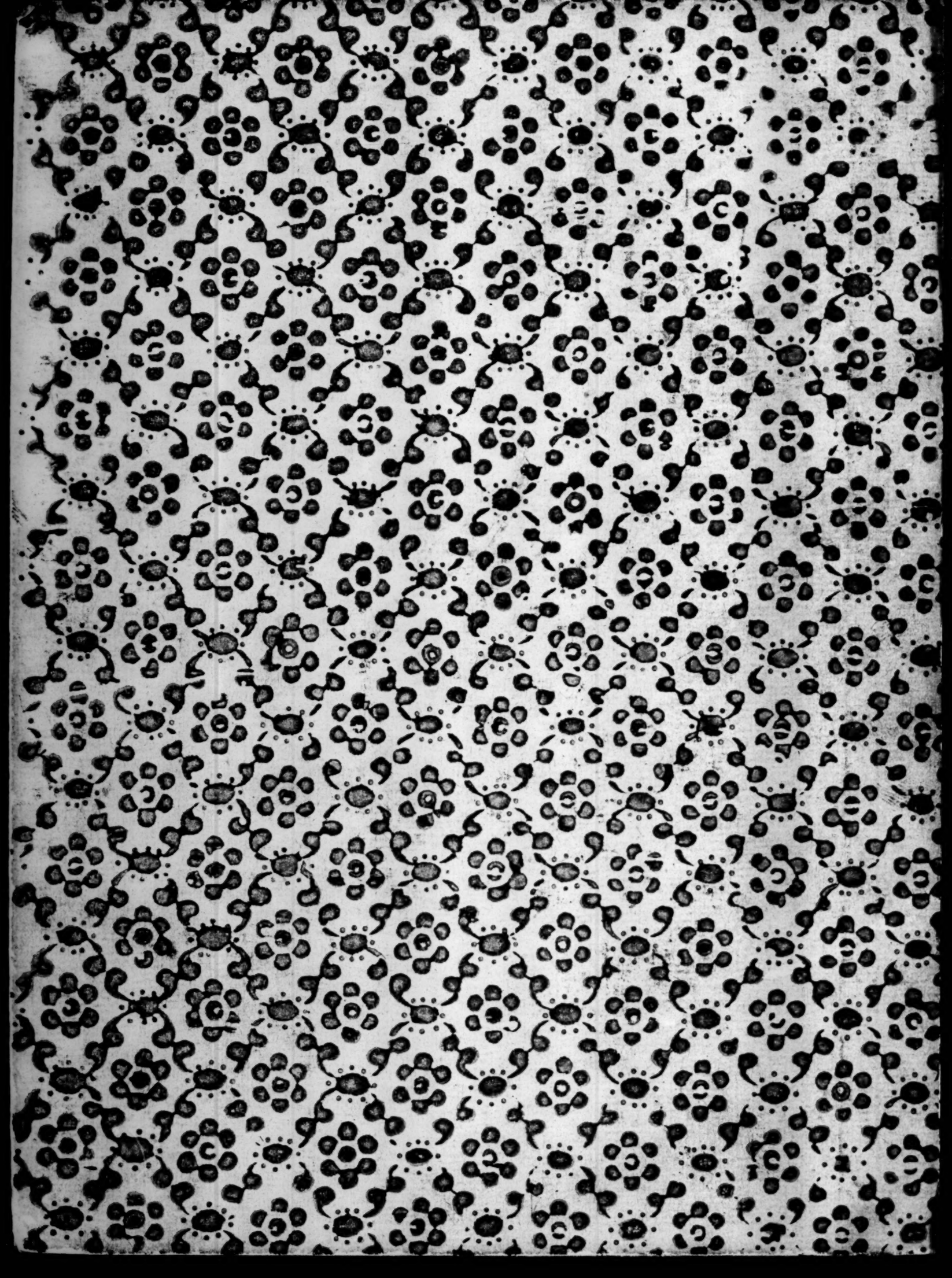
may as well modify the proposition writer as suggested.

One seems to have turned back to an early stage in English literature: when writing was a ~~bare record~~ the sign of that enabled [illegible] to make when ~~the writer~~ wrote about ~~facts~~, & described ~~as bravely~~ rather barely & simply his own ~~adventures~~ & But that ~~stage is not~~ the a simple statement of facts, Here are no reflections, no general view of life as a whole no attempt to enter into the minds of other people. ~~It would be impossible for~~ Poetry is ~~a long~~ distant by many generations. ~~But this~~ The means at the writers command are very ~~as~~ far beyond the reach of these writers as ~~are~~ beyond the reach of the ~~language has~~ They are like those obscure writers who before the time of Shakespeare, who had heard to whom words were very heard ~~when~~ of Greece or Italy; ~~whose horizon~~ They or travelled beyond their own parish boundary. to whom there was no music in words, & no ~~Or had any~~ ~~but the~~ ~~implicit~~ ~~hand~~ ~~way tradition of~~ ~~between them, one~~ But ~~their~~ ~~after all~~, ~~and yet writing is~~ And ~~not~~ yet just for that reason, ~~we~~ because writing has been a task, not an art, because they ~~their meaning was inadequate to the~~ had very few words, & ~~must~~ ~~touched~~ make them do, & because ~~they had~~ their experience was far stronger than their words, & they had no tradition ~~in~~ the ~~tradition~~ of ordering Clearly, ~~there is a form in~~ ~~we cannot see~~ There ~~images without~~ There is ~~a pattern~~ ~~there is a~~ ~~between them~~ ~~in~~ Complicity here which experience may ~~one~~ here which may we well mark the ~~Greater~~ knowledge ~~might~~ have overlaid. ~~there is~~. I think. ~~fragments~~ as experiences ~~in~~ which may ~~After all these years~~ Is that literature? Is ~~The~~ The ~~the~~ ~~type~~ ? W w

~~But how was~~ ~~comes to~~
That this was the burden that rested on her shoulders — and
~~so understands~~ & the weight which seemed to
guard your door is now explained. ~~No life~~

But that these hopes are only fragments,
& that ~~these notes~~ are ~~very~~ ~~what the hour~~
the brethren pleasure of people ~~too much~~ ~~from~~ upon
~~to whom life now~~ life pressed so hard that
Ellen was almost unfortunate. who should
know better than you? for without you —
Dear Harriet — but hush! I have said too
much, & wish now to new bring the letter to an
end.

FRAN

Stories.

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